

# The Nation.

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JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, PUBLISHER, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

## The Week. •

A PORTION of a letter has been published written by General Grant in reply to an application from Governor Parsons, of Alabama, for the withdrawal of the federal troops and the arming of the local militia, in which the general declines to recommend any such measure until "there is full security for equitably maintaining the rights and safety of all classes of citizens in the States lately in rebellion." This accords with the view we have ventured to take in another column of the necessity of ample protection for persons and property as the basis of all plans of reconstruction. But it must not be forgotten that the insecurity which now prevails at the South is not merely one of the sequelæ of the war, as some persons represent it. It is a chronic disease of Southern society, and must be eradicated by interposing the strong arm, if not of law, at least of justice, between every man's head and the bludgeon or pistol of the mob. A good test question to put to every State applying for readmission would be, Can Wendell Phillips deliver one of his most violent and desponding lectures on any part of your soil without other risk than that of being hissed?

A GREAT deal of painful uncertainty weighs upon the public mind concerning the late attempt to assassinate Senator Wade, of Ohio, if it was an attempt to assassinate. As an assassination, the thing was a failure; as a means of publicity, it was a prodigious success. Every variety of transaction has now been telegraphed from Washington as descriptive of the real occurrence. At one time we behold the senator assailed with a bowie-knife, as long at least as the bow which the reporters draw, and in the scornful attitude of simply kicking the blood-stained miscreant down stairs. In another *tableau* he "forces him to the door with the assistance of fire-arms," and then kicks him down stairs. Again, we see a foolish half-witted fellow, after making a harmless thrust at the senatorial waist-band with a penknife, led good-humoredly out, and kicked down stairs. The only point clearly established, therefore, is that Mr. Wade has kicked somebody down stairs: bowie-knife, fire-arms, penknife, all else is wrapped in the deepest mystery. Whether it is a dagger which we see before us, or but a dagger of the mind of the reporters, no one can decide but Mr. Wade, who should relieve popular anxiety in some way.

MR. ADAMS and Lord Clarendon have, *apropos* of the *Shenandoah*, taken up the international controversy where Earl Russell left it, and

it cannot be said that they have thrown any new light on the subject. Lord Clarendon received, however, two or three very hard hits on the question, raised by himself, of American laxness during the South American war with Portugal, being, in fact, completely floored by Mr. Adams's citations, whereupon his Lordship declined further controversy in order to avoid creating "acrimonious" feeling between the two countries—a bit of precaution which strikes us as superfluous.

MR. RAYMOND, of New York, has introduced two excellent bills into the House, one to provide New York with a decent post-office, and the other to provide the United States with a decent naturalization law, under which color shall cease to be a disqualification for citizenship. If he added a clause to his post-office bill requiring in the New York postmaster ability to read and write English correctly, and insisting on his close attention to his official business and rigorous abstinence from electioneering excursions round the city, he would lay the public under still greater obligations. The New York post-office is already one of the most important institutions in the country, being the greatest postal centre; but it is managed as if it were simply a large hall for political re-unions.

A MOVEMENT was begun in this city soon after Mr. Lincoln's death for the collection of dollar subscriptions to build him a monument. Why people who wanted and could afford to give a hundred dollars were not to be allowed to do so was never clearly explained; but as nothing has now been heard of the matter for some months, we think it is the duty of the persons having the matter in charge to let the public know what progress they have made and how many dollars they have got.

GENERAL SWEENEY, who occupies some post of honor and profit amongst the Fenians, entered upon the business of organizing that body and declaring war against Great Britain while serving in the United States army, and it appears omitted the little formality of asking leave of absence from his superiors when charging himself with the business of the Brotherhood. The President has accordingly gently reminded him of the oversight by dismissing him from the service, a step which will not only give the public great satisfaction, but promote discipline in the army. One of the curses of the service hitherto has been that many officers could not rid themselves of the idea that when they received a commission they were charged with the double duty of commanding their men and of helping along what they conceived to be the true foreign policy of the nation, by making little demonstrations now and then against friendly powers. General Sweeney is probably by this time considerably astonished to find that the President intends to decide himself when Canada had better be invaded or a descent made on Ireland.

THE population of this State, according to last year's census, is 3,831,937—an increase, in the preceding decade, of 363,232. The number of legal voters is 823,426.

WE publish elsewhere the letter of a correspondent whose opportunities of becoming acquainted with the real feelings and aims of the Southern population have been unusually good, and whose capacity as an accurate observer is attested by the fact that he was selected for his mission by an association of manufacturing men desiring information for business purposes. He sums up in this letter the experience of five months of travel, and we earnestly commend his conclusions to the attention of everybody who desires a real and not merely formal reconstruction of the Union.

"A. W. K.'s" experience, coupled with that of our own correspondent, is full of warning for those who are inclined, as so many are, to reason about Southern men's conduct and motives from the same premises as about those of Northern men, overlooking, as it seems to us, the totally different training and education which the people of each section have received, and the totally different meanings which they attach to the word "interest." We may add, too, that in taking a less hopeful view of the state of the South than that of a large portion of the public, we are actuated by no party feeling whatever, and have no party purpose to serve. We care nothing for party triumphs; but we are satisfied that we must all cultivate the habit, in politics as in other things, of seeing things as they are, and not as we would like to have them, if we really mean to solve the tremendous problems now before the country.

MRS. DALL writes us a remonstrance upon our recent expression of opinion that women ought not to have the franchise till they show that they generally desire it, and alleges that this argument would shut out negroes from the suffrage who had not sense or cultivation enough to ask for it, or want it. The political, social, mental, and moral condition of the women of the United States is so very different from that of the negroes, that we do not think any discussion of this point on our part is necessary; and whatever may be the state of feeling as regards the franchise amongst the women of Massachusetts, we shall require very much stronger evidence than has yet been submitted to the public to make us believe that one-hundredth part of the women of the United States either desire to vote, or, if allowed to vote to-morrow, would do so for any better reason than to oblige their nearest male relative. No statistics have as yet been collected on this point that are of the slightest value. Women have, no doubt, voted in Australia; but how many?

THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts recently decided that, in conformity with a statute of the Legislature, towns may assess a tax to refund the moneys voluntarily advanced by individuals toward creating a bounty fund in view of an impending draft. Such persons, the court adjudged, had a moral claim for reimbursement, from the fact that their contributions were given "in aid of the performance of a public duty which devolved on the city or town, and for which it would have been competent for the Legislature, in anticipation of the exigency, to authorize money to be raised by taxation or otherwise, on the credit of a town or city. The particular town in question, however, had included in its appropriation the sum of one thousand dollars, which was designed to reimburse two persons for the cost of procuring substitutes for themselves. This the court held to be clearly unauthorized, since "it relieved one citizen from the performance of a legal duty at the public expense, and appropriated money for a private purpose which could only be raised and used for public objects." The whole appropriation was consequently vitiated, and a perpetual injunction was issued upon its collection and enforcement.

THE Boston Public Library was instituted thirteen years ago in an humble way, and now possesses more than 120,000 volumes. Its circulation has expanded from 7,000 to 195,000 per annum, averaging, for the past year of 275 days, 700 per diem. The ample freedom of the reading-room and library has been abused by the unscrupulous, who have defaced, mutilated, or stolen many books and periodicals, so that legislation is needed to counteract this evil, in its nature exceedingly difficult to reach. After all, the losses which arise from this cause are trifling in comparison with the immense advantages of the institution itself, to whose existence and liberal management we attribute in fair measure the political regeneration of the city which cherishes it, since we are not aware that the native population, hitherto driven to the suburbs for homes, have begun to overcome the numerical preponderance of the foreign. The Public Library also tends powerfully to preserve the homogeneousness of Boston, to which contracted limits are in themselves favorable. New York is sadly in need of such a resort for all classes of her citizens. The Astor Library is not for the people. Its books do not circulate, and it is closed after dark. If any one of our

millionaires contemplates founding a university, we entreat him to do better and give this metropolis a free library.

THE case of the Smith brothers, of Boston, who were tried by a naval court-martial before which conviction was a foregone necessity, is disgraceful to the history of our Navy Department during the war. That the department was conscious of this reproach has appeared from its absolute refusal to publish President Lincoln's decision annulling the whole proceedings. This has somehow transpired, and was read on Wednesday week to the Boston Board of Trade. It is highly characteristic of its author, and is as follows:

"Whereas, Franklin W. Smith had transactions with the Navy Department to the amount of one million and a quarter of a million of dollars; and, whereas, he had the chance to steal a quarter of a million, and was only charged with stealing twenty-two hundred dollars—and the question now is about his stealing a hundred; I do not believe he stole anything at all. Therefore the record and findings are disapproved, declared null and void, and the defendants are fully discharged."

THE question of trying Davis has again come up in reply to enquiries addressed to the President by Congress, and the reasons for not trying him are furnished by Attorney-General Speed. These are, that he must be tried where his crimes were committed, and before a civil court. His crimes were committed in the South, which is still under martial law; therefore, he must remain in prison.

A BATCH of Mexican correspondence has been published, the sum and substance of which is that the French are willing to evacuate Mexico if the United States will recognize Maximilian. But the United States will not recognize Maximilian, and therefore the French will remain—a result with which, it is hardly necessary to say, neither Mr. Seward nor M. Drouyn de Lhuys is satisfied. The latter became unpleasantly facetious a few weeks ago by advising Mr. Bigelow to complain to Juarez, and not to him, of outrages committed on the Mexican border.

TWO Richmond editors fought with pistols in the hall of the Capitol at Richmond a fortnight ago, and succeeded in shooting away the head of the cane in the hand of Washington's statue. Mr. Pollard, of the *Examiner*, the "historian of the war," as wags are in the habit of calling him, has now assaulted Mr. Brooks, the correspondent of the *New York Times*, being armed characteristically with a bowie-knife and cowhide. The affair ended simply in torn clothes. We wonder greatly, and shall not cease wondering, that Southern men, capable of reading and with some little knowledge of history and of the rest of the world, do not give up bowie-knives, cowhides, and revolvers. What can be the charm of being a raging barbarian in the broad daylight of civilization? If it proved courage to attack people in the streets with deadly weapons, there might be some excuse for it; but it does not. There are no braver men breathing than Frenchmen, but fancy a respectable Frenchman lying in wait for an enemy on the Champs Elysées with a *couteau de chasse* and a yard or two of untanned cowhide!

A MEETING was recently held in London composed of about eighty persons, principally "High Church clergymen," for the purpose of conferring with Prince Orloff and two or three Russian ecclesiastics as to the best means of bringing about union, or at least intercommunion, between the Anglican and Greek churches. The English bishops present, according to Prince Orloff's account, urged immediate action, but the Russians were cautious, and declined to sanction or encourage any movement without further discussion. They said the Russian Church would need much more information, and desired that works might be published in England "with a view to prove that the Anglican Church is not a Protestant but a Catholic Church." The Broad Church party, as represented by the *Spectator*, are very indignant at what they consider the readiness of the High Church bishops to sacrifice the historic character of the English Church for the sake of securing Russian recognition of its orthodoxy.

A CONTRACT was completed last week between the Atlantic and Great Western and the Philadelphia and Reading railroad companies,



by which a line is to be laid, in the narrow gauge, upon the former road to all the chief cities of the West, and the two connected by a new line from Centre County, Pa., to Northumberland. As an immediate consequence of this enterprise, there is promised the establishment of a line of steamships between Philadelphia and England.

## CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13, 1866.

THE feature of the week has been the prolonged debate in the House upon the bill to enfranchise politically the colored men in the District of Columbia. This has attracted to the Capitol the largest audiences of the season, and it is plain to see, from the notable effect of the best points made by the advocates of the extended suffrage, that the sympathy of the population here is not, as has been represented, all on the other side. The original proposition, to admit all negroes of the prescribed age to the polls, has been modified by the Senate Committee, and will very probably be modified in the House, so as to limit the franchise to three classes: 1st, all who can read and write; 2d, all who have served in the army of the United States; 3d, all who pay taxes upon property. But there is much division of opinion among the friends of the measure as to those limitations. Some of the most sagacious are opposed to the exaction of a standard of intelligence, and ex-Gov. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, contrary to the provisions of the constitution of his own State, is in favor of universal suffrage. That President Johnson is friendly to the bill was announced on the floor of the House by Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania.

There are palpable signs of a purpose on the part of Congress to take vigorously hold of that "twin relic of barbarism," polygamy, and blot it out of existence in Utah. There is already legislation enough on the statute-book to do this, were it enforced. But the problem before our legislators is how to render any legislation effective over a recalcitrant population, fanatically wedded to an outlawed institution. Is there anything that can purge the United States of the reproach of polygamy short of another and a final Mormon exodus?

The reply of Major-General Howard to the House resolution of enquiry respecting the restoration to late rebel owners of property legally confiscated to the United States, setting forth the orders of the President as far back as August, 1865, to restore all property to those who received his pardon, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. This was done at the instance of Thaddeus Stevens, who significantly said that he wanted to test the legality of this proceeding of the Executive. There is no question that the Confiscation Act of July 17, 1862, is virtually nullified by it, and although the same act authorizes the President to grant pardon and amnesty, "by proclamation," to persons participating in the rebellion, it does not settle the question of the restoration of their forfeited property.

Two or three very able speeches, maintaining the doctrine of "State suicide" by rebellion, have been made, that of Mr. Shellabarger, of Ohio, in the House, and of Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, in the Senate, being especially notable. Neither of them has been answered, and the purpose of Congress to adhere to its prerogative in prescribing the time, mode, and conditions of reconstruction has been materially strengthened.

The application of the Committee on Reconstruction for power to send for persons and papers, indicates a prolonged and searching investigation at their hands. But the testimony and the proceedings of the committee are to be guarded from publicity for a time. This is a measure of very doubtful expediency, and likely to lead, as in the case of the "Peace Convention" of February, 1861, to more evil, agitation, and misrepresentation than would result from entire and voluntary publicity.

A caucus of the Union members of the House, held this week, settled the principle that important legislative measures are hereafter to be so far considered by the majority before being pushed to a vote in the House as to secure a more united action. Several instances of "hasty legislation," on the part of both House and Senate, have occurred, rendering it necessary for each body to recall from the other a bill once regularly passed. Is it not a little surprising that legislators of such age and political experience as take a leading part in the business of

Congress should not be able to avoid such crudities and ambiguities as have so often crept into our national legislation and deformed the statute-book?

## DIARY.

Monday, January 8, 1866.—In the Senate, Mr. Morgan presented a petition of the New York Chamber of Commerce for a law to exempt Northern creditors from the Southern State statutes of limitation for a certain period. Referred. Mr. Johnson presented credentials of Randall Hunt as a Senator from Louisiana. Laid on the table.

In the House, bills were offered to prevent certain persons guilty of rebellion from holding office under the federal Government; to educate the militia of the United States; to amend the naturalization laws; to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau; to amend the tariff laws; to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for the current year; to sell the public lands in Alabama and four other Southern States under the Homestead Act; to erect a post-office in New York City; to authorize a railroad from Washington to New York; to secure the writ of habeas corpus to persons held in slavery contrary to the Constitution; to amend the Constitution as to basis of representation; and to authorize the issue of bonds for funding the obligations of the United States; all of which were referred. A resolution declaring that the military forces should not be withdrawn from the seceding States until Congress declares their presence no longer necessary was passed—ayes, 94; nays, 37. A letter was received from the Freedmen's Bureau stating that, by order of the President, lands confiscated to the United States had been restored to parties pardoned by the President. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary to enquire into the legality of the act. A resolution looking to further legislation to suppress polygamy was passed. Mr. Blaine offered a constitutional amendment, basing representation in Congress upon the actual number of persons in each State not deprived of political rights on account of race or color. Referred. Mr. Shellabarger spoke at length on reconstruction, arguing that the rebellious States ceased to be States by secession, and should be treated as dependencies until equal rights to all are secured beyond contingency by amendment of the Constitution.

January 9.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner offered a resolution looking to the prevention of kidnapping and the revival of the slave-trade on our Southern coast. Referred.

In the House, Mr. Broomall offered resolutions declaring the South a conquered territory, and its future political condition to be fixed by the supreme power of the conqueror; that the effect of amnesties and pardons is to relieve individuals from punishment for crime, not to confer upon them political rights; and that Congress should speedily organize State governments composed of loyal citizens alone, excluding from political power all participants in the late rebellion. Referred. Mr. Voorhees brought up his resolutions pledging Congress to uphold the President in his policy of restoring civil government to the Southern States. Mr. Bingham moved an amendment, "that this House has an abiding confidence in the President that he will co-operate with Congress in restoring to equal position and rights in the Union all the States lately in insurrection." Both sets of resolutions were sent to the Reconstruction Committee—ayes, 107; nays, 32.

Jan. 10.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced and laid over, giving to the Secretary of the Treasury the appointment of assistant assessors of internal revenue. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to increase and fix the military establishment of the United States. Referred. Mr. Morrill's bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District was taken up, amended, and recommittees. An amendment prescribing a reading and writing qualification was objected to by Mr. Pomeroy, and laid over. Mr. Howe offered a joint resolution declaring the necessity of provisional governments for the South, and spoke at length in its favor. The Senate went into executive session.

In the House, a resolution was offered defining the proper use of the "previous question" as a means of reasonable debate. Referred to the Committee on Rules. The Committee on Freedmen's Affairs was instructed by resolution to enquire into the truth of certain allegations against South Carolina planters of injustice towards freedmen in their employ. A resolution (by Mr. Davis, of New York) of confidence on the part of the House in the President, and support of the general policy inaugurated by him was laid over on debate. The President was requested to furnish information concerning the causes of the confinement of the leading rebels, and the reasons why Jefferson Davis has not been tried for treason. A resolution declaring that the House would not exclude Southern delegates because colored votes were not allowed at their election was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction. The bill for the right of suffrage in the District was taken up and debated with great liveliness, and closed by a powerful speech from Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania.

Jan. 11.—In the Senate, the bill for the appointment of assistant assessors was passed, after some debate about the character of Southern appointees. Mr. Trumbull reported the bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, and that to protect the inhabitants of the United States in their civil rights. Mr. Howe's resolution was opposed in discussion by Mr. Johnson, of Maryland.

The House instructed the Committee on Territories to enquire into the expediency of dividing Utah and annexing the several portions to contiguous territories. The district suffrage bill was debated still further, Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey, being prominent in opposition, and Messrs. Kelley and Farnsworth in its support.

Jan. 12.—In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull presented the petition of the American Free Trade League, that no duties be hereafter laid for purposes of protection. The Joint Committee on Reconstruction, through its chairman, Hon. W. P. Fessenden, moved for authority to send for persons and papers. Agreed to. A resolution looking to the appointment of a select committee to enquire into the cotton transactions of special agents of the Treasury was referred. Mr. Trumbull's bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau was taken up, and several amendments to it adopted, when it was postponed to Monday, January 15. A message from the President was received, stating that he had declined to proclaim the admission of the Territory of Colorado as a State, because of informality in the adoption of its constitution, and referring the matter to Congress for its action. Referred. A bill was introduced for the admission of Colorado as a State. Referred. Mr. Trumbull called up his bill to protect all persons in the United States in their civil rights, and sundry verbal amendments were adopted, and the bill postponed. Adjourned to Monday, January 15.

In the House, the bill of the Ways and Means Committee to extend the time for withdrawal of goods in bond was passed. A resolution reaffirming the Monroe Doctrine was referred. Mr. Raymond's resolution calling on the President for information relative to the condition of the late rebel States was passed. A resolution for increasing the compensation of members of Congress and Government employees was laid on the table by a vote of 147 to 5. The bill extending suffrage in the District was again discussed by Mr. Davis, of New York, in the affirmative, and Mr. Chanler, of New York, in the negative. Adjourned to Monday, January 15.

#### THE FREEDMEN.

COLA WHITTLESEY'S "Summary Report of North Carolina" compares with Col. Brown's in respect to the difficulties encountered of obtaining assistants from the army, and of keeping them when detailed. "More than one half of the State is still without an officer or representative of the Bureau." Naturally a large part of the duties of the agents has consisted in affording protection to the freedman in his person and in his rights. The cases of this sort have defied any attempt to record them, and are reckoned at several thousand. "One officer reported that he had heard and disposed of as many as 180 complaints in a single day." The Commissioner presents a few specimens of the wrongs redressed or averted, and, remarking that a hundred pages might be filled with similar accounts, adds: "So far from being true that 'there is no county in which a freedman can be imposed upon' [speech of Judge Reed in Constitutional Convention], there is no county in which he is not oftener wronged; and these wrongs increase just in proportion to their distance from United States authorities." Still, great improvement is noted in this regard. As for the freedmen themselves, they have gradually settled down steadily to work. Out of 350,000, only about 5,000 are now receiving Government support. There is a great variety of contracts between them and their employers, and much vagueness in terms. "In the great majority of cases the land-owners seem disposed to do justly, and even generously." Hiring by the job or by the month has been successful, and is much more attractive than prospective shares in the crops. In Lenoir County, a joint-stock company has been formed among the freedmen for the purchase of homesteads and other purposes. The members will number 250, and the capital amount to \$10,000, to be raised by Jan. 1, 1866. The Trent River Settlement, an outlying suburb of Newbern, which was laid out by Capt. James, has now a population of nearly 3,000, nine-tenths self-supporting. It is confessed by all "to be well-ordered, quiet, healthy, and better regulated than the city proper." There are in the State 63 schools, 85 teachers, and 5,624 pupils. There have been 512 marriages recorded.

In response to an enquiry of the House of Representatives, General Howard, on the 8th, submitted a statement of the disposition of the real estate which had in various ways fallen under the control of the Freedmen's Bureau. A number of pieces of property were seized and condemned under the act of July 17, 1864, and occupied by freedmen though not allotted to them. None of these have been restored to their former owners. A large number of abandoned plantations have been occupied by freedmen, and a few actually allotted to them under Gen. Sherman's order. No plantation thus allotted has been restored to any claimant, but some of those merely occupied have been, care having been always taken to prevent suffering from such action. No property vested in the United States by confiscation has been bestowed on conquered enemies. But property of this sort, as well as that allotted to freedmen, is a very insignificant proportion of the entire amount in the hands of the Bureau, which was turned over to it chiefly as abandoned, and not as libelled. Gen. Howard remarks:

"It was intended not only to allot this to freedmen, but also to use it as a means of revenue; for the latter purpose it had already become exceedingly useful and valuable to the Bureau, and measures had been initiated to use portions for the former purpose when, on the 16th of August, instructions were received to the effect that abandoned property should be restored to former owners when pardoned. Under those instructions the Bureau has parted with the greater part of this property. Its tenure upon it has been rendered so uncertain that the steps taken to allot it to freedmen have been countermanded in most instances, and its revenue has been so curtailed that it is not a self-supporting institution."

The census of the colored people in Washington is not quite finished. The following is the census of Alexandria County: Total number, 7,763, of which only 370 are outside of the city of Alexandria. Of

these, 3,766 are males, and 3,997 are females. Under 14 years, 2,732; between 14 and 20 years, 1,180; between 20 and 30 years, 3,123; between 30 and 40 years, 1,180; between 40 and 50 years, 1,180; between 50 and 60 years, 603; over 60 years, 125. 1,734 of the whole number can read, and 641 are unable to support themselves. These people own property to the amount of \$99,804 00. The above statistics are exclusive of what is known as "Freedman's Village" on Arlington Heights. Washington has been divided into districts, and each one of these has a visiting agent, who goes about amongst the poor and distributes supplies by his or her own hand. The Quartermaster's Department has kindly loaned wagons during the present cold weather, which are engaged in distributing wood about the city. The total number treated medically in Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, and vicinity is 1,879, of which number 45 have died, and 1,166 have been discharged, leaving 668 under treatment.

A case of a colored man being still held as a slave in Montgomery County, Md., having been brought to the knowledge of the Bureau, immediate action was taken, and the papers referred to the U. S. District Attorney for Maryland, with an endorsement, of which the following is a part:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10, 1866.

Respectfully referred to Hon. W. J. Jones, U. S. District Attorney for Maryland, with the request that he will, if possible, secure proper action in this case. The gentlemen in Montgomery County evidently stand in need of enlightenment. A copy of the official announcement of the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment is enclosed herewith for their information.

Gen. Saxton is ordered to report, as soon as he is mustered out of his volunteer rank, to Gen. Howard for inspection duty. His rank in the regular army is captain and brevet colonel. Brig.-Gen. R. K. Scott is assigned to duty as Assistant Commissioner for South Carolina.

There are 19 colored schools in operation in Arkansas, with 23 teachers and 1,349 scholars.

The state of things in Texas is such that medical officers cannot be found who will go there.

Papers were presented on the 10th to the Senate from the Bureau of Military Justice in relation to recent trials in the South by military commission. In one instance Judge Holt received a petition bearing the names of 200 citizens of South Carolina and the governor's endorsement, and asking for the pardon of E. W. Andrews, of Orangeburg, who was undergoing sentence of imprisonment for two years for killing a negro charged with horse-stealing. The Judge-Advocate General replied that the very number of the petitioners was an additional reason for enforcing the sentence, since it betrayed the extent of the deadly hatred against the black race now entertained at the South. Other similar appeals for clemency were equally rebuked and disregarded by Mr. Holt.

The Fisk Freedman's School was dedicated at Nashville on the 9th with speeches from Gen. Fisk and Gov. Brownlow. It is intended for a free high school, accommodating from 1,000 to 1,500 children. The governor warned the teachers that if Gen. Thomas and his troops should vacate the city, the school would not be tolerated by the predominant party a week, and the Legislature itself would be broken up by a mob in forty-eight hours.

A proposition has been forwarded through the Bureau to the Secretary of War from a firm in Little Rock, Ark., to employ the colored troops in that department in completing the railroad from that city to the Mississippi. The pay to be in land on the line of the road, at fifty cents a day. Gens. Reynolds and Sherman are said to have endorsed this request.

In Albemarle County, Va., negro men have been hiring for from eight to nine dollars a month, and women for from four to five dollars. Extra men in Charlottesville, says the local paper, get ten and twelve dollars.

#### Minor Topics.

WHEN we cannot have things pleasant, it is human nature to want them abominably unpleasant; and we suspect that if people should analyze their feelings in regard to the cold of the 7th and 8th of January, they would find it one of pride in having known weather so cruelly



severe. It is a personal triumph with one to have survived it, and everybody's sufferings differed so much from the sufferings of everybody else, that they form a topic of the most varied interest, upon which people of the slenderest conversational means may make entertaining discourse. How one thought he should freeze Sunday night, and piled on a dozen blankets, and his overcoat on top, sir, is balanced by the experience of another who was afraid, by Jove, to go to bed at all that night. It is a fact, which Mr. Silent relates, with great vivacity, to the young ladies upon whom he is calling, that he had not put his head out of doors, Monday, till his beard and moustache froze tight together; and it is another fact with which the young ladies hasten to match Mr. Silent's, that *they* had fires in all the grates as well as the furnace, and had to put their shawls and furs on, and *then* they could not keep warm. Another recounts how he thought his ears were frost-bitten, without fear of the silly jest that the frost must have taken a large bite; while yet another rehearses his oft-told tale of being so cold that he had no feeling in him for hours. One who walks down town every day, hot or cold, wet or dry, and, marching along in a rain-storm without an umbrella, pities those poor devils mewed up in the street cars—even *he* has his sufferings to describe, and narrates that his right foot (very particular to have you know it was the right one) became insensible—like a clod of ice—and that he went into a saloon to warm it, and found no fire there, and called for a toby of ale (*ale does* warm you, he says, though most people think it a cooling drink), and took off his boot, and sat down on his foot till he thawed it; while his friend, who never went out doors all day, tells how he suffered in his mind on seeing a stage-driver lifted from his perch as stiff as your hat. Now, also, ladies, whose lady friends call upon them, rehearse their domestic woes, arising from the inclemency of the weather, which, heavenly muses, sing! Or need the muses sing? We know how the pipes burst, and the water ran down to the parlor ceiling, and the ceiling fell down on the piano; and how the housewives whom this disaster has befallen are only too glad, sweet souls! that it is no worse. As if it could have been! The lady friends, who are confidentially led to inspect the scene of desolation, are sure that *they* could not imagine anything worse.

And yet we think they might, if they gave rein to their fancy in the right direction. The reporters tell us in the daily press of the poor woman who took care of one blind, and rose up from her bed that bitter Sunday night, lest, with nothing to keep her from the cold, she should freeze there, and was found frozen to death in the morning upon her threshold. Of our million must not many have sat by fireless hearths all that cruel Monday long? Little children huddled moaning together, and sick and infirm persons cowering over empty grates—some things are worse than the bursting of water-pipes; and if you come to add hunger to the cold of the poor, it is almost enough to make one ashamed of one's most heroic experiences of the late weather.

We have an idea that if our friends, the habitually hungry and cold, met on Wednesday, and gossiped together, as we have figured our other friends, the habitually warm and full, to have done, they must have had things quite as interesting to say about the cold weather. Of course, the poor woman who was frozen to death Sunday night must be mute in this company; but the blind woman of whom she was taking care might describe the tragedy, as she heard it, quite pathetically and entertainingly: her companion's rising up from the comfortable couch and walking the miserable room; the cries and half-articulate prayers for pity, the cessation of the steps, the sound of some one lying heavily down, the sobs and moans drowning slowly in the blessed drowse of death. Oh never to be a-hungered, never to be a-cold, never to be poor any more! Why, this took place about the time that one of our habitually warm and full friends piled on a dozen blankets, and his overcoat on top, sir; and another, by Jove, was afraid to go to bed at all! And at the time that terrible accident happened to Mr. Silent's beard and moustache some discharged soldier, who had inherited a blue overcoat from a grateful republic, was hobbling on his crutches out of the station-house, where he had passed the night, and wondering where, in God's name, he should get his breakfast or pass the pleasant day. Drunk? Very likely. It was not the least part of the hard fate of those who fought to keep us a home and country that

some of them learnt ugly vices from the dull life of camps, the desperate life of battles. But if we were pitied only for our wholly unmerited calamities, friends, how little compassion we should get on with! Shall we not be moved for the misery of certain poor human creatures, because (while Mr. Silent's young lady friends sat suffering, with all their furs on, in a house heated with grates and furnace) they herded together like swine, in a ten-cent lodging-house, and kept themselves alive with hard drinking and hard swearing and perhaps hard fighting?

Nay, we say, let us pity them; for pity is one of the cheapest of the Christian virtues—need not unbutton a pocket, nor affect a balance at the banker's. It is to be hoped, for those who have empty coal cellars and vacant larders, that Providence will not send such terrible weather again this winter, if, indeed, it *was* so cold after all, last week; for, animated by the charitable spirit which we have no doubt roused in our readers, there will be enough of them to deny that Monday, the 8th, was more than wholesomely fresh and invigorating.

A JOURNAL which commonly inculcates the virtues of truth and decent speech by presenting an awful example of what a newspaper is without them, gave, the other morning, a severe and well-merited reproof to a contemporary. In the latter, some poor creature, mixed of equal parts of ghoul and Paul Pry, had sought to win the applause of whatever is ghoul and Paul Pry in public sentiment by going over Mr. Lincoln's household accounts, and showing how the nation had been plundered by the domestic extravagance of the late President's family. The wretched office was performed in such fashion as ought to have shocked every one who read the article; and when it was suggested by the morning journal alluded to that the article was inspired by the spirit of Wilkes Booth, we felt the weight of a debt of gratitude for the suggestion which we here hasten to discharge.

To be sure, it was the pot calling the kettle blackamoor, but in this world the pots and kettles are so numerous that calling of names must be well-nigh given up altogether if they cannot indulge in it. Besides, it is well to know that the kettles *are* black, even though we have to learn it from the pots. In this case, the reproving pot is so well known to be covered with grime that nobody assumed a virtue for it because the kettle had it not.

We know in what terms the public habitually speaks of that paper and of the other journals which flourish on personalities, or "the precious riches of private reputation," as Mr. B. Doran Killian calls them; but we rather suspect the public, after all, likes rascal journalism. It offers editorial weakness immense bribes to be scurrilous and scandalous, by giving such papers as yield to its debased appetites a most generous and cordial support.

It is, indeed, a sad public, and utterly unconscious of its viciousness. It has a vague notion that it is sternly virtuous, and that it frowns down disreputable newspapers, whereas it is perfectly evident that it fosters them. They are published for their owners' profit and for the gratification of the very large class of people that buys them, and not in spite of it, as the public imagines.

We have often seen the public cautioned against such publications; but we earnestly warn the whole brotherhood of journalism against the wicked public. We know that there is a great temptation, seeing that people like to have affairs pried into which should be sacred from public comment, to seize the chance of success by slaughtering somebody's reputation; but we plead for the forbearance of the scribbling fraternity. The return to barbarism is easy for human nature. The man of a race which has toiled up to civilization through ages of culture, runs wild and degenerates into a savage in a single generation. The restraints of decency which journalism has imposed upon itself, and which a corrupt public desires it to throw off, may be lightly cast aside, and we may have the manners of Grub Street again as soon as we like; but we hope this may not come about. It may be that if newspapers generally persevere in a courteous, dignified, and honest conduct, the public, becoming ashamed of its low and truculent tastes, may be educated up to the better newspaper standard.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

### WHAT THE SOUTH NEEDS FIRST.

It is now eight months since the South laid down its arms and the North entered on the work of reconstruction. During the interval which preceded the meeting of Congress, the whole country devoted itself, without stint, to the discussion of the "reconstruction problem." The newspapers have, ever since Lee surrendered, teemed with it; little else has been heard from the platform; the pulpit even has sought to shed what light it could upon it, and it has formed the prevailing topic of conversation in every social circle. And yet it may be safely said that, down to the present moment, no plan of reconstruction yet propounded has found favor with a majority, or anything like a majority, of either Congress or the people. Mr. Johnson was at the outset supposed to have a plan, and it seemed for awhile as if he had; but he soon found reason to modify it to such a degree that there is now little left of it, and that little appears to meet with but a very small measure of approval from the country. There is hardly a senator or member of Congress now who does not think that he has hit upon a sovereign remedy for the great Southern ill, if he can only secure its adoption; but there is no general agreement upon anything. The Republican party, while concurring very fully as to the objects in view, is divided into a dozen sections as to the means of effecting those objects; and in the meantime, as long as it remains undecided, the grand Democratic plan of doing nothing whatever gains more or less strength from the mere lapse of time, the subsidence of popular excitement, and the distraction of the public mind.

There have been nearly a dozen ways suggested since last May of pacifying and regenerating the South. First of all, there was the plan of giving the suffrage to the blacks by a general order of the President. But he refused to issue any such order, and the Connecticut and Wisconsin votes justified, or at least seemed to justify, him in his refusal. Then there was the plan of holding military possession of the South, and governing it by martial law, until it gave signs of being clothed and in its right mind; but this never met with much popular favor, and is still surrounded with difficulties. Then came the plan of giving the negroes the suffrage by procuring a decision of the Supreme Court in a case raised under the "republican form of government" clause in the Constitution; but this was dropped almost as soon as propounded, and its advocates now never allude to it. Then came Mr. Stevens's plan of confiscating the whole soil of the South, or nearly the whole, and dividing it amongst the blacks; but, so far as we know, Mr. Stevens himself is the only supporter of this scheme. Mr. Sumner's proposed amendment to the Constitution, basing representation on the number of legal voters, and not as now on population, so as either to diminish the number of Southern representatives or force the whites into admitting the blacks to political equality, is that which perhaps now finds most favor, and on which the attention of the North shows most tendency to concentrate itself.

There are, in our opinion, several objections to this expedient arising out of its possible effects upon the Northern, as well as on the Southern, States which we will not here stop to discuss. But there is still another and a stronger one, which must be met now *in limine*, and that is, that, though brought forward as a radical remedy, it is anything but radical; it draws all its value from the assumption that a state of things exists which does not exist. It is, in short, much the same sort of boon to the South that the present of a carriage would be to a man unable to leave his bed, or bonbons to a man who found great difficulty in securing a daily allowance of common domestic bread. At present, there is no quarter of the South, outside the reach of Northern garrisons, in which there is any safety for either the life or property of a man who presumes to think or speak differently from his neighbors on any of the great questions by which the South is agitated. No Northern man dare go there and hold and utter the

sentiments on political and social topics which the majority of us hold and utter here. We profess to place great reliance on the influence of Northern emigration in reorganizing Southern society and modifying Southern opinions. But, at present, no emigrants can show their faces there with safety, or go to their beds with the certainty of rising in the morning, unless they take special pains either not to exercise any influence whatever, or consent, both by speech and example, to strengthen Southern prejudices. Emigration that will be of any use to us politically is, under these circumstances, not to be thought of.

Moreover, we look for a great change in Southern feeling and habits through the spread of education, and the diffusion of books and periodicals amongst the poorer and more ignorant classes. We look for the elevation of the negroes through the opening and maintenance of schools for them, and the growth amongst them, as the result of Northern teaching, of self-respect and of mutual respect. But the fact—the hard, stern, repulsive fact—is that, according to the testimony of all those who have recently visited the South, there is no probability that any Northern man will be allowed either to teach, write, speak, or print in any part of the South doctrines conflicting with those commonly held in Southern society on social or political topics. Where is the district, we should like to know, in which a Northern man or woman will be able to open and conduct a school, or print a newspaper, or make a speech, with freedom and security, one month after the federal troops are withdrawn? What probability is there, in short, that any of the influences which we most value and which we consider most conducive to progress and civilization can be brought anywhere into play at the South under the protection of State laws?

Now the very basis of civil society is security for life and property. Freedom of speech and of locomotion, of trade, of following all lawful callings, from selling needles to making stump speeches, without let or hindrance, is at the very foundation of free society, and, above all, of American society. Without these things there is no freedom, and there can be no progress in civilization, and to talk of the authority of the United States Government being really restored over any State or territory or district in which it cannot guarantee these things to all classes of the population, is an abuse of language. All reconstruction, though it gave every black at the South two votes, which did not secure these things to both white men and blacks, would be a delusion and a snare; and all arrangements for bestowing the suffrage on the negro, or for coercing his late masters into giving it him, which do not provide also for protecting him in the exercise of it, and in preparing his mind for the right exercise of it, will prove futile. The South will never be really in this Union until Henry Ward Beecher can read an article from the New York *Tribune* on the steps of the principal hotel in Jackson, Mississippi, and can "peddle" the paper afterwards, should he feel so disposed, through the town, without fear of other harm than what may come from a "scathing editorial" in the local *World* or *Daily News*, whatever their names may be. That is no part of the American Union in truth and in deed, no matter who votes in it, or how many members it may send to Congress, in which any man may not speak the thing he wills, or in which he has to fear a power behind the law which the law cannot control.

For many years before the war the South was in the Union only in name. Its connection with the North was hardly recognized by local legislation or local opinion. The dominion of law, as we understand it, and as every civilized country must understand it if it means to retain its civilization, was unknown to the mass of the Southern people. The necessities of their social system made respect for legal forms, or processes, or individual rights, impossible. The quick, sharp, peremptory mandate of a mob of citizens collected from the neighboring plantations is at this moment the highest sanction known to most Southern men, something far higher than acts of the legislature or decrees of courts. The idea of deliberate resistance to a local vigilance committee is what never enters into the head of a Southern boy.

If we want peace at the South, and permanent peace, we must in some way or other first of all familiarize the mass of the people with the idea of law as an irresistible power to which all must bow, and which throws just the same amount of protection over the meanest as well as the proudest black or white. If this can only be done by force,



force we must have to do it, and, until this is done, the first step has still to be made in the re-organization of Southern society. Whatever military force may be necessary to afford to every freeman, of whatever color, the protection which the Constitution guarantees him, in person and property, we must maintain, and in doing so we shall be carrying out the true democratic theory of government. The absolute domination of a few men over any spot of our soil is the vilest kind of oligarchy—no very great improvement on feudalism.

Even if Mr. Sumner's amendment were passed, and legal voters made the basis of representation, the negro who found himself robbed or flogged for being "sassy," or the white man who found himself tarred and feathered or driven from his house for publishing or circulating a disagreeable newspaper, or for opposition to local opinion on any subject, and, on seeking redress, found the courts closed to him and governors and sheriffs deaf and blind, would, on carrying the story of his woes to Washington, receive the consolatory assurance that he might return to his home in peace; that the Southern delegation in Congress was greatly reduced; and that the South could look for no increase of it until she bestowed the franchise on the black man.

### BAYONETS AND SCHOOL-HOUSES.

SENATOR WILSON'S bill for the peace establishment of the United States army increases the present number of troops in the regular service from twenty to upwards of seventy thousand men. This much exceeds the estimate of the Secretary of War at the opening of Congress; and if it is fair to ask the reason why, it is also fair to respond that a month has elapsed since the Secretary's report, and that in these times the lessons of a month may be as important as those of an ordinary year or period of years. There are, incontestably, very grave objections to the proposed increase, but so there are to Mr. Stanton's; and if it were merely a matter of taste, we might and probably should content ourselves with the moderate standing army of yore. No sober-minded citizen, however, differ as he may from Senator and Secretary, will conclude that this would meet the requirements of the country in its present emergency. Our foreign and domestic complications, to take the best view of them, dissuade us from a hasty disarming. And it is evident that in the next contest, whether within the Union or across her borders, our reliance must be on those whose business it is to fight, and not to any considerable extent upon volunteers.

While not engaging to defend Mr. Wilson's proposition as the least that could be made in the face of our national contingencies, we are not troubled by the thought of the money it will cost to carry it out, and the dangers and corruption inseparable from the establishment at which it aims. The expense is a part of the grand burthen imposed upon us by the rebellion, to crush which it was considered good economy to spend three thousand millions; and if seventy thousand soldiers will secure protection to black and white at the South, and by their moral prestige restore the fortunes of Juarez and the autonomy of Mexico, and do this sooner and more effectually than fifty thousand, then they are cheaper than fifty thousand. The peril which this same host will offer to our liberties and our morals is not, of course, contemptible, but it is not so formidable as the anti-republican and anti-American spirit which threatens us on the other hand. We have reason to fear not so much that we shall suffer in pocket and in personal franchise because of the army, as that we shall depend upon it too much for results which can as well and even better be attained by other instrumentalities.

One of these was brought to the attention of the House of Representatives last month, and was referred to the Joint Committee on Reconstruction. It was a national bureau of education, whose function should be "to enforce education without regard to race or color upon the population of all such States as shall fall below a certain standard, to be established by Congress." Many will object to such compulsion as an infringement of private right and individual freedom; but the practice of several States is already conformed to this principle, and the feeling in favor of intelligent suffrage, which is rapidly strengthening, is justified only by the opportunities for education which it presupposes to be available to every citizen. Where this happens to be the case, it is still desirable that the State should, in laying dis-

abilities on ignorance, demonstrate that it is punishing wilful neglect and not misfortune. This it cannot do unless, besides opening wide the door of its school-house, it resolutely compels the attendance of those who are kept away by unwholesome restraint.

We are far from saying that the proposed bureau deserves to be erected. Its value for the originally free States may be doubted. With them emulation may promise more for the thorough enlightenment of their citizens than dependence upon the yard-stick of a branch of the national Government. In the long run we may trust that Connecticut will discover that her school fund, derived from the Western Reserve, is not so elastic in meeting the requirements of her growing population as the general tax by which Massachusetts has kept abreast with the learning of the age. At the South, where, if we do not mistake, no Constitutional Convention has provided any system of free instruction for the people, the bureau would have a value proportionate to its efficiency. Yet even here interference would be beset with difficulties, not least of which would be the acquiescence of the States themselves.

Indeed, the policy which has thus far prevailed in our dealings with the reconstructed communities has been remarkable for exacting precisely those conditions which they could not possibly have avoided, and for omitting those which would have been the test and seal of their social metamorphosis. The "accomplished facts" of the Government might have passed without recognition: of what concern was it whether the South confessed the rising and setting of the sun? It was indispensable that she should point to facts accomplished not over her, and beyond her control, but by her, in evidence of a genuine devotion to democracy and the Union. Hence we hold that the foundation of a common-school system should have been among the prerequisites of reconciliation and forgiveness. True, this might have involved the enforcement of the confiscation act, in order so to distribute population as to bring the school-districts within practicable limits. But if so, was it not best that this act should be enforced?

It is our hope that Congress, remembering what part of the stability of our national edifice is due to public intelligence, and the innate hostility of the South to the light of letters, will repair the omission of the President in this regard, and refuse to believe that loyal men are safe, or the professions of the South to be trusted, so long as the minds of the people are controlled and their ears filled by the late champions of secession and treason. We should be well pleased if, among the numerous amendments offered, out of which might almost be made a bran-new Constitution, one should appear supplementary to the clause concerning the admission of fresh States into the Union, and requiring, besides numbers and the usual organization, a plan of education akin to those of the States already admitted. Nay, if we are to have inserted a definition of what is meant by "a republican form of government," we have no objections to seeing it include free schools. And if, in guaranteeing this form to the lately oligarchical States, there arise on Southern soil in time seventy thousand school-houses, we shall repose much greater confidence in them than in the seventy thousand bayonets of Mr. Wilson. Finally, we are prepared to assert that, concerning this whole subject, there is greater unanimity among the people of the North than can be predicated of any other single phase of the problem of reconstruction; that there is a very general solicitude for comprehensive and decided action on the part of Congress, and corresponding chagrin at the indifference or short-sightedness of that body. We would not condemn the pains which they have taken to put the leaders of the South in limbo; but we submit that some thought should be bestowed on the millions who are led. These will continue to be led, and be led astray, however long the Capitol may be closed on Southern delegations, unless they are rescued from their blind and servile following by a sight of the nobler destiny within their grasp. The bills for the continuance and enlargement of the Freedmen's Bureau, introduced into the Senate by Mr. Trumbull and the House by Mr. Eliot, which empower the Commissioner, under the direction of the President, to purchase sites and buildings for schools, do not go to the root of the difficulty. The need is to reach and educate not only dependent refugees and freedmen, but the entire population of the South; and no scheme that shall be adequate to this need, can be contained in an incidental clause or section of a bill, or be left to any man's discretion or "direction."

## WHAT RABBI JEHOSSA SAID.

RABBI JEHOSSA used to say  
That God made angels every day,  
Perfect as Michael and the rest  
First brooded in creation's nest,  
Whose only office was to cry  
"Hosanna!" once, and then to die—  
If with life's sources to be blent  
Be not return from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill  
To know that Heaven is in God's will,  
And doing that, though for a space  
One heartbeat long, may win a grace  
As full of grandeur and of glow  
As Princes of the Chariot know.

'T were glorious, no doubt, to be  
One of the winged hierarchy,  
To burn with Seraphs or to shine  
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine;  
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,  
Could I forget myself in God,  
Could I but find my nature's clew  
Simply as birds and blossoms do,  
And but for one rapt moment know  
'T is Heaven that comes, not we that go,  
Should win my place as near the Throne  
As the pearl angel of its zone,  
And God would listen, 'mid the throng,  
For my one breath of perfect song.

J. R. L.

SOME DOUBTS ON THE POPULAR SUPPOSED DISTINCTION  
BETWEEN WIT AND HUMOR.

MUCH subtle refinement of criticism has been expended on the commonly alleged antagonism between wit and humor, without arriving at any definite or satisfactory conclusion. Has it ever occurred to any one that the difficulty might be owing to the imaginary nature of the separation? Has it ever been suggested before that wit and humor were but different phases and manifestations of the same faculty? Without committing ourselves absolutely to the naked assertion that they are one and the same thing, we shall adduce some reasons for supposing that the popular conception of their opposition is much exaggerated.

We may begin the discussion of our subject in two ways, though both have the same object, namely, to put before us clearly the things which we have to compare.

This we may do in two ways: first, directly and abstractly, by defining our terms, *wit* and *humor*.

Secondly, indirectly and concretely, by naming sundry prominent wits and humorists, and observing the peculiarities of their writings.

Although the former seems the more regular method, the latter is preferable, because, if we make a fanciful or theoretical definition, the whole affair may end in a skiomachy; while, if we adopt a practical one, our examples and illustrations must be drawn from various authors, wits and humorists respectively, so that we virtually come to the latter plan, only by a more roundabout way. Even then we find it difficult to get rid of some confusion arising from the looseness of popular phraseology. All comic or non-serious writing is frequently called *humorous*, and only the best of it *witty*, so that in ordinary parlance wit would appear to be something not distinct from humor, but only from inferior or, as it is usually designated, *low* humor. The French *esprit*, so often and so imperfectly translated by our wit, means, at least in its modern usage, little more than *cleverness*. This signification is particularly striking in the adjective. *Un homme spirituel* is almost the equivalent of the English *clever man*. We say *almost*, because a certain notion of readiness and promptness is involved in the word *esprit*, which is not connoted by the word *cleverness*. In older English *wit* had a meaning nearer to that of the French *esprit*. A wit was a man who said and wrote clever or sharp things, or what most Americans would call *smart* things. And humor originally meant eccentricity of some sort, such as "those islanders," to use the French designation of them, were always famous for.

However all this may be, we find certain writers generally recognized as humorists, *e. g.*, Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift, Southey, Dickens, Thack-

eray; and others as generally reputed wits, for example, Pope, Addison, Voltaire, Sheridan, Sydney Smith, About.

Bearing these and other well-known names in mind, let us try the current definitions and distinctions by the respective models.

A distinction not unfrequently drawn is that wit consists chiefly in the words, and humor in the matter. In support of this might be adduced the current phrase *verbal wit*. We never hear of *verbal humor*.

Now, if this were true, we might surely conclude that punning, which depends on words and words alone, would be a special development of wit. According to the old Joe, it is the lowest sort of wit, and therefore the foundation of wit. But how are the facts? Take the two humorists at the opposite ends of the series (or very nearly so) in point of time, Aristophanes and Hood. The former is a frequent, the latter a perpetual, punster. Swift emitted puns by the yard. Rabelais punned; so did Southey. Charles Lamb was another punning humorist. His answer to the lady who asked him if he would venture on an orange, "Madam, I fear I should fall off if I did," inaugurated a particular species of pun which has been run to death in our own day by Byron the burlesquer and the smaller scribblers in *Punch*. If any man could be emphatically called a humorist, it was Theodore Hook. His humor did not confine itself to words, but developed itself in actions, often of a very questionable nature, and recalling the French proverb, "Practical jokes, vulgar folks" (*jeu de main, jeu de vilain*). Every definition, laudatory or the reverse, of humor must include his performances, and he was an inveterate punster, not confining himself by any means to his own language, but constantly making incursions into the French tongue, which he pronounced as well as most Englishmen do. Thus when an amateur pointed out a certain picture as a *chef-d'œuvre* of Correggio, "You mean it's a *shade* over his other works," said Hook. Thackeray happily imitated this where Wagg, in "Pendennis" (meant for Hook), says to the bookseller's wife who is boasting of her French cook, "Does your cook say he's a Frenchman? Because, if he does, he's a *quizzin yer* (*cuisinier*)." On the other hand, the greatest wits disdain punning, and some of them have expressly condemned it. Our first impulse would almost be to reverse the rule; but then again there are great humorists, Dickens, for instance, who never pun.

Again, let us look at verbal catches, where the joke consists not in the words themselves, but in their collocation. The most striking of these is that technically called *parhyponceae*, for which we have no nearer English word than surprise. In order to appreciate it the reader must always be prepared to expect something perfectly unexpected. Now, the first and greatest parhyponceist is Aristophanes; while the people who do the *chronique*, that is, the theatrical and scandalous gossip, in the French Sunday papers, are nearly all adepts in the practice. So that here we have a verbal jocosity common to the greatest of humorists and the smallest of wits.

Polysyllabic and divided rhymes, which are almost peculiar to the English language, seem to be the common property of both classes. They characterize Samuel Butler, whom most critics would designate a wit; Ingoldsby Barham, whom they would all allow to be a humorist; and Moore, about whom there might be some hesitation; the majority would probably call him a wit, though he certainly verges upon very broad humor at times, according to the usual tests of humor.

If wit be more in the words and humor in the matter, the former ought to be difficult or impossible, and the latter comparatively easy, to translate. Is this the case? It is a hard question to answer satisfactorily. French wit is certainly hard to render into *adequate* English; but so, for that matter, is all good French writing, in spite of a sad popular delusion to the contrary. Much English humor looks very queer in a French dress (as odd as *Bottom* in his "translation"), and of course such an element as double rhyme is untranslatable. On the other hand, much Spanish humor runs into English very readily, and a whole school of modern English humorous poetry (the "Don Juanic") is founded directly on older Italian models.

The mention of translation brings up another distinction which has been sometimes proposed. It is said that wit is more superficial, and humor more under the surface. The one may to some extent be learned, as Plato thought virtue might be; the other depends on a settled constitution of mind. By this rule, also, humor would be the national, wit the cosmopolitan, quality; and, therefore, the former must be more difficult to translate. German humor is not only untranslatable, but to a great extent unintelligible to foreigners. German wit is supposed to exist only in Heine, who ought, somehow, to have been a Frenchman.

The names of Voltaire and Sydney Smith alone are enough to stagger this theory. No doubt, a habit of jesting at everything may be acquired by dint of constant association with the frivolous, but we may be sure no *genuine* wit was ever manufactured by such a process. Indeed, we can



afford to dismiss this theory briefly, as it has never had followers enough to be fairly called a popular one.

Cognate to it, however, is a proposition. Humor is said to be the quality of weightier, more serious, and, in so far, greater minds than wit, the proof being that it is frequently combined with deep pathos. Sometimes we even find the tragic and poetic element quite eclipsing the humorous. Such is Victor Hugo's case, who would be a great humorist were he not a great poet. But here again our examples fail to carry out the theory fully. If there is any such rule, it must be subject to many and great exceptions. Is there no touching sentiment in Pope, no good, honest, stirring indignation in Sydney Smith? Cannot the arch-mocker, Voltaire, be eloquent and thrilling when it serves his turn? And how many second and third-rate humorists there are (Paul de Kock and "Soapy Sponge" Surtees will serve as two instances) who seem incapable of saying anything serious, much less anything pathetic!

Thus far we have dwelt on explanations which rather give the preference to humor. But there is another very prevalent one, alluded to at the beginning of our investigation, which makes wit much the higher quality of the two. It is said that humor deals only with matters calculated to raise a laugh—eccentricities, exaggerations, hyperboles, surprises, above all, blunders (thus, the Irish "bull" is said to be the opposite of wit, and, therefore, highly humorous), while wit is like Lord Chesterfield's fine gentleman, who will never do more than smile himself or make his readers do more. It is supposed to discover the most recondite relations between words, such as would never occur to the ordinary observer. In short, according to this theory, wit is felt and understood by the best educated classes only, while humor appeals to the capacity of all classes. The first criticism which suggests itself on this theory is, that it does injustice to humor by assuming the very lowest varieties of it as its fair representatives. If the indelicate allusion, the practical joke, the provincial accent, the clownish blunder, all, in short, that we comprise under the term *farceful*—all that is calculated to please the baser sort, and raise

"The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind"

among the uneducated or unthinking—if these are to pass for humor, we might as well accept for our models of wit the word-tortures of the English wittlings already mentioned, or the silly transpositions of initial letters that were so popular some years ago. They were the revival of an old green-room style of joke, which in its day was sometimes very good, as when the actor, going to a horticultural exhibition on a wet day, said "he had been to see the *shower flow*."

Is refinement (in the sense of the opposite of coarseness) a necessary mark of wit, and its absence a characteristic of humor? Is Irving coarse? Is Thackeray indecent? Were the great wits of Queen Anne's time remarkable for their delicacy, or have French wits been at any time distinguished in that way?

But a greater error of the theory under discussion is that it confounds the *humorous* with the *ludicrous*. An old woman or a gaily-dressed swell falling into the gutter may cause a laugh, but there is no humor (unless it be ill-humor) in the operation, either to the sufferer or the bystanders. The accident may indeed be *related* in a humorous way, or an entirely imaginary fall may be humorously described, but that is a different matter. An Irish "bull" is eminently of the things which are ludicrous, not humorous. There have been and are Irishmen, "fellows of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;" but they are not the Irishmen who make "bulls," unless they do so on purpose, to put them into the mouths of others.

There are plenty of bull-makers besides the Hibernians. A lady, a full-blooded American, once said to us, bewailing the loss of her cherries, "The gardener declares the birds take them, but between you and me, I think they are *two-legged birds*." None of this lady's friends ever called her a humorist? The very same blunder was made long ago by a Cambridge Don, and now occupies a place in the Joe Miller of Cantab tradition.

A standard essayist on the subject has incidentally touched on this distinction, though his main object was to discriminate between the *witty* and the *ludicrous*. As an instance of wit he gives the sign of an ale-house keeper named Littlejohn, who placed over his door a figure of Robin Hood, with this inscription:

"All ye who know when ale is good,  
Stop in and drink with Robin Hood.  
If Robin Hood is not at home,  
Stop in and drink with Littlejohn."

When the innkeeper was gathered to his fathers, his successor, one Samuel Johnston, substituted his own name on the sign, making the last line of the quatrain read

"Stop in and drink with Samuel Johnston,"

and spoiling rhyme and reason together. This, says the essayist, is ludicrous but not witty. He rightly calls it *ludicrous*, not *humorous*.

Blunders of this kind often occur, not from stupidity, but merely from inadvertence. Such was the following, which happened in the case of Lowell's "Fable for Critics." It is an old trick to write rhyme without division into lines or initial capitals. Lowell improved on this by constructing his title-page on the same plan, so that at the end, "October the 21st day," rhymed with the publisher's address, "E. P. Putnam, Broadway." But the eminent bibliophile moved to Park Place between two editions, and of course the address was changed (mechanically, we might say) on all his title-pages, and among the rest on Lowell's, destroying the final rhyme. Such errors have the smallest possible connection with humor.

When we think of Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Swift, hyperbole and exaggeration seem properly enough set down as characteristics of humor. But what shall we say to some of Voltaire's fancies, "Micromégas," for instance? It may, indeed, be argued that here he was out of his line, and wrote in direct imitation of "Gulliver." Let us, then, take the first of modern French wits, About. Let us turn to his most famous work, the "Roman Question," and to that striking passage of it where he recounts what the young Englishman, American, Frenchman, and German have respectively done, while the young Roman noble has been doing nothing. What is this but the wantonness of exaggeration? No one Englishman or American or Frenchman ever did a tithe of what every one of them is represented to have done. The whole wit of the passage lies in the very grossness of its hyperbole.

And now let us look at the question from the other side. Is the subtlety of the relations discovered a mark of wit as opposed to humor? Let us take a standard instance of wit, and see if it cannot be matched or overmatched from the writings of an acknowledged humorist. Lord Erskine, when told that a ship's crew in the Northern Ocean had been driven, by want of other provisions, to live on the seals they caught, said, "And very good living they make, if you can keep them long enough," referring to Lord Eldon, who had made a fabulous sum by many years' tenure of the great seal, which Erskine himself had only kept nine months and made nothing by. This is usually allowed to be wit of a high order (it was cited to us as such by Fitz-Greene Halleck, who ought to know). Very well, we will cap it from Tom Hood.

In the catalogue of sham books which Hood made for the door of a nobleman's library, this title occurs: "The Life of Zimmermann. By Himself." Here the jest is so recondite that probably nineteen out of twenty readers would fail to perceive it at the first glance, but all must admit its excellence when apprehended.

We take another example, less striking but sufficiently remarkable, from our own humorist, Irving:

"It was advanced by some of the ancient sages that the earth was an extended plain supported by vast pillars, and by others that it rested on the head of a snake or the back of a huge tortoise; but, as they did not provide a resting-place for either the pillars or the tortoise, the whole theory fell to the ground for want of proper foundation."

A stronger instance than either occurs in the "Acharnians" of Aristophanes, vv. 75-9, where the irony is so fine as to have escaped most of the commentators and translators.

If any curious reader wishes to try the experiment for himself on a larger scale, let him take the three opening paragraphs of About's "Roman Question." Let him note carefully all the points and figures in them, the irony, the insinuations, the surprises, the magnificent example of *tapeinosis* in the third paragraph (where the head of the Roman Church is arraigned under his aliases like a petty criminal), and then see how many of them he can parallel from celebrated humorists.

And now what is our conclusion? That wit and humor are absolutely interchangeable expressions? We have already intimated our hesitation to go that length. But we do maintain that their boundaries often encroach on each other, that many important elements, irony, for instance, are common to both, and that many of the world's first jesters have been both witty and humorous. Shakespeare—we have kept the greatest name for the last—was a wit and a humorist. He created *Falstaff* and *Dogberry* as well as the word-splitters and conceit-hunters in the King of Navarre's park.

#### AMERICAN REPUTATIONS IN ENGLAND.

CHARLES LAMB once wrote to his friend Manning, who was travelling abroad: "It appears to me as if I should die with joy at the first landing in a foreign country. It is the nearest pleasure which a grown man can substitute for that unknown one, which he can never know, the pleasure of the first entrance into life from the womb." Without stopping to discuss this fantastic, Charles-Lamb-like reference to a pleasure which we "can never

know" for the very good reason that it never existed, there is a certain analogy between the facts of being born into the world and of being born into a foreign country. In either case, the man plants his foot on the strange shore to find nearly every appeal to his five senses wondrously novel, startling, amusing; and the newly arrived traveller, like the newly arrived child, stares and listens, and puts out his hands at the most insignificant objects. But more impressive to the new comer than merely external innovations is this realm of new ideas, new maxims, new whims, new prejudices, new reputations, into which he is introduced, with the inevitable obliteration of so many of those which he has just emigrated from. To an American coming to England, perhaps nothing gives a greater spiritual jar, nothing more startles him into realizing that he is actually abroad, than the discovery, constantly breaking upon him during the first weeks of his residence here, that, when he sailed away from America, he did indeed sail away from a whole hemisphere of personal authorities and reputations—from the principalities and powers of the literary, political, religious, and social world before which he had loyally bowed from his youth up. I think that, to any man, it would give at least a momentary shock to find, for the first time in his life, his references to illustrious names not understood, to august authorities not regarded, the titular dignitaries of his native chess-board not responded to with deference or even with recognition.

As a matter of testimony upon this subject, perhaps I may be allowed to refer to some of my own experiences during a residence in England now extending over nearly three years. I well remember the first decided shock of this kind which I received. It was my second Sunday in England, and I was spending a part of the day at the house of a literary man whose name (if I should mention it, which I shall not) would be recognized as a household word wherever the English language is spoken. I was showing to him and to a little circle of his friends my photograph album of American celebrities; and when we came to a certain face, they said, "Who is that?" I replied, "Oliver Wendell Holmes." "Who is he?" "Why, Dr. Holmes—did you never hear of him?" "Never!" I confess that then, for the first time, I felt a little homesick. That word gave me, indeed, a sense of being "abroad." Before me, then, yawned the dreary distance from that dear spot which "there is no place like" with a vividness more painful than I had derived from all the three thousand farewells of the Atlantic, with all the taunts and jeers flung at us by "the countless laughter of its salt sea waves." Since then that particular reputation has grown very rapidly in England; and, of course, even then there were here multitudes of the readers and admirers of the autoeratic poet; but it was simply staggering to find men and women, eminent in English literature, too, who did not remember to have heard the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes!

M. D. Conway told me that he talked with a poor man in Venice who, he ascertained, had no knowledge of Daniel Webster, but was acquainted with the name and deeds of old John Brown. So I have found in England that, among the mass of the people—among those, for example, who make up a lecturer's audience at the literary and mechanics' institutes of the country—any reference to our great statesmen, jurists, and scholars of the time just gone, to Andrew Jackson, Webster, Clay, Story, Choate, Felton, requires explanation, while the mention of the names of philanthropists and reformers, especially of Garrison and Phillips, is generally caught up with instant appreciation and responded to with enthusiasm.

I appeal to any American who has grown up under the omnipresence and majesty of Daniel Webster's renown, if he would not have been punctured by a new sensation had he gone through the following bit of experience. Just before Christmas, a year ago, I arrived, at the close of the day, in that noble old town on the south coast of England where our Pilgrim Fathers bade their last adieus to the cruel yet still beloved mother who cast them forth. I went to a quiet inn, was ushered into the coffee-room, and, while waiting for dinner, in the twilight, I thought I saw hanging upon the opposite wall a portrait, of life-size and done in oil, of Daniel Webster. It gave me a strange feeling full of pleasure, like hearing some familiar air of home, like seeing some well-known living face. I thought I must be mistaken, but, on rushing across the room, I found it was, indeed, a fine portrait of the great Daniel himself. Wondering how such a thing could have found its way into this quiet nook in one corner of England, when the waiter came in—a portly gentleman, dignified as a chief-justice or one of the apostolic fathers—I asked him of whom that was the portrait. After some hesitation he said, "Ah, sir, I think I have heard master say it was some American gentleman or other. I will ask master, sir, if you wish." When he next entered he said: "I have asked master, sir; he does not exactly remember the gentleman's name; he bought the picture at a sale; he thinks it is some American gentleman or other." And that is Fame—an old lady who shudders at the Atlantic voyage. In the young Plymouth what

an august personage would have been evoked before every eye by that portrait! Just across the water, at the old Plymouth, it is merely the head of "some American gentleman or other."

We all find here a perpetual source of amusement in the very mixed apprehensions people have of the two most celebrated members of the Beecher family. Everybody knows Mrs. Stowe, and calls her Mrs. Beecher-Stowe. Everybody knows Henry Ward Beecher, and nearly everybody calls him Mr. Beecher-Stowe. There is a confused idea of some very near relationship between these individuals. It is generally stated that she is his wife, sometimes his daughter, occasionally his mother, seldom—what she is. I do not exaggerate in saying that, in nine cases out of ten, Henry Ward Beecher's name is by Englishmen enriched with the pleasing suffix of Stowe. Yet, a few weeks ago the *Times*, in whose eyes he is of course a peculiarly endeared person, took quite the opposite tack and got the cart completely before the horse by speaking of him as Mr. Beecher Ward!

Excluding, in these remarks, the small minority of English people who are really acquainted with our history and literature, in travelling up and down England I seldom meet with any one who has heard of George W. Curtis, Dr. Holland, John G. Saxe, Col. Higginson, Gail Hamilton, Bayard Taylor, Tuckerman, and Thomas B. Aldrich, whom we know so well, but whose names pronounced before a general English audience would be no more recognized than the names of so many under-secretaries of the Tycoon. It is true that the books of some of them have had a considerable sale in England; but, in the first place, there is a large population of resident Americans here, who try to keep up an acquaintance with their country's authors; and, in the next place, there are a certain few English men and women who get and study all our best books as they appear. Upon the vast bulk of the population such names as these have yet made no impression. Here and there their books are to be found; but such casual and sporadic circulation does not make fame or even reputation. The supreme American literary reputation in England is that of Longfellow. His renown has diffused itself into every household; his poems are in every drawing-room; he has more readers than any living English poet. His is the one only American literary name that may be mentioned in all companies with as much certainty of recognition as the name of Shakespeare, though even with Shakespeare's name it would not be safe to go below a certain tide-mark of society. During the Shakespearean festivals, last year, a London omnibus-driver, by whose side I was sitting, whose daily journeys took him under the very walls of Apsley House and Buckingham Palace, gravely asked me, "Who is this fellow Shakespeare they're making such a damned row about?" My impression is, that next to Longfellow in fame on British soil is Washington Irving, although an English lady of wealth and literary proclivities once enquired of me whether that was "the Irving who attracted so much notice as an eccentric preacher in London thirty years ago!" Next in renown to Longfellow and Irving, and in about the order given, are the names of Hawthorne, Emerson, Prescott, Lowell, Dr. Channing, Bryant, and Theodore Parker. I am surprised to find how many there are who do not know Whittier. It would be wrong to omit Elihu Burritt, who is everywhere known in England, and for whom there is an affectionate regard among multitudes of the purest and best. He has passed many years here; he has lectured in nearly every town and village; he has gone on foot through the whole length of the island; and by the simplicity, beauty and amiability of his nature, by his learning, by his calm thinking, by his modest yet glowing speech, has not only made fame for himself, but has done much to change English estimates of the American character.

It is very probable that Americans who have made the tour of England may not be able altogether to verify my statements by their own experience, and especially may think that I have underrated the English reputation of some whom I have referred to. This is but natural. Mere tourists bring letters to the very people who are most interested in America, who know most about America, and in whose conversation these names are most familiarly used. It would be a mistake to infer that the English people in general have such an acquaintance with our literary names. But having travelled up and down England as a lecturer; having had the opportunity of experimenting with all sorts of audiences in all sorts of places, by purposely throwing in allusions to noted Americans and watching the effect; and having had in these journeys some glimpse of the interior of English life as well as some chance of free conversation with vast numbers of the middle-class English people, it is likely that my impressions are not what they would be were I seeing England as a tourist only. My duty in this paper, however, has been not to account for the impressions of others, but truthfully to relate my own.

It is with a melancholy interest that I look back over the growth of



the English fame of Abraham Lincoln. During the first two years of my life here he was "the buffoon President," "the vulgar tyrant," "the brutal despot revelling in the woes of a race." As his name came naturally into some of my lectures, I watched curiously the changes in the demonstrations which it excited. Except in very polite audiences it was always hissed. Even as late as the day on which we received the news of Mr. Lincoln's re-election, the mention of his name in a large audience convened in the very heart of London created a stormy surruration of hisses; and when the hisses provoked a retort of cheers, they rallied in ten-fold intensity and won the night. His death has now changed all. During the past autumn, laying the hand on the popular pulse in the same way, from Cornwall to Yorkshire, I find his name and praises welcomed with hearty tributes of applause.

In the "Scarlet Letter" occurs this just remark, that "it contributes greatly towards a man's moral and intellectual health to be brought into habits of companionship with individuals unlike himself, who care little for his pursuits, and whose sphere and abilities he must go out of himself to appreciate." May not a similar remark be made as to the advantages of companionship with those who care little for the personal reputations which have always awed us, for the august authorities with which we have been wont to fortify our speech, for the enthroned ones in literature with whose images we had filled the pantheon of our youthful homage? Yet it would be a rapture to get home again among the old names, and to take on once more the pleasant yoke of the old reputations.

### THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XXV.

AUGUSTA, Ga., December 23, 1865.

THE first stage of the journey from Columbia towards Augusta is seven miles long, occupies three hours and more, and is made in the dark. We were called from bed at three o'clock in the morning, several coaches were filled up with sleepy, shivering travellers, and then till after six o'clock the time was consumed in slowly moving through the wind and rain to Hampton's Turn Out. As we passed the College campus the chapel windows were still lighted, for it was the last day of the legislative session, and that body was sitting late. Some of the members already on their way home were in our coach, and spoke together about the character of the two houses, and the work that had been accomplished. The critics seemed dissatisfied upon the whole, though many of their remarks were not quite intelligible. The best part of the Negro Code had been cut out, they said, before its final passage. It was a very good thing, however, that so many copies of it had been printed, for every white man would need one, and probably no law ever enacted in the State had been so generally and thoroughly studied as that would be. The session had been very busy, but more work would have been done if the senate had been less factious and impracticable. Strange to say, that branch of the legislature had been far more radical than the house. It had proved false to all its traditions. The course of "that fellow T—" was then severely reprehended.

"Oh, he had a great deal to say about the poor, patriotic soldiers, you know, and their widows and orphans. They say that in the conference committee in reference to the usual appropriations, he said before he would consent to pay the judges their undrawn salaries in good money he would cut off his right hand. He just as much as said that they left their pay in the treasury because of the depreciation of our money. Yes, he was exceedingly enthusiastic. And he is so vociferous! A perfect demagogue, sir. In point of fact, those gentlemen probably had no use for their money, and allowed it to remain with the State for the good of the cause. I am sure a great many of our people down to the very last retained a great deal of confidence in our currency, and no man of honor, nobody but some such a fellow as T—, would have charged them with such motives."

"No. What a curse it is to a country when these low, demagogical fellows of no character are able to rise to the surface! Several of the up-country members, gentlemen who were very strong in the convention for remodelling representation, are said to be quite willing now to undo their work. One of them—you would know him were I to give you his name—told me himself, that after this winter's experience of the new system, the people in his section would be very willing to return to the old. In three years, he thought, we would be back again."

"Ah," said another gentleman, "it was very ungenerous in them to force that measure upon the low country at that particular time. They knew that we had lost everything by the war, and, at least, they should have

given us time. For I think, sir, that the rice country is ruined. Cotton-planting may possibly become profitable again, but no one, so far as my information extends, entertains any hopes of the rice culture. The negroes never liked it, you know. It is very hard work, and it is unhealthy necessarily. I do not know what we'll do. I am not going to attempt it. This year's experience in Georgetown District has satisfied us that nothing can be done. Take one example out of many. Mr. A—, you know A—, has worked four hundred of the freedmen this year—his own negroes—with the understanding that they should return to him all the seed-rice, and that the surplus should be divided between themselves and him. The other day the division took place, and how many bushels do you think there were to be given to four hundred negroes? Just nine and a half. There were nineteen bushels over and above the seed. That is one case out of a hundred that I might give you. I am convinced that we shall never be able to do anything till we get white labor. Oh, I have made up my mind fully to do nothing at all with my places this year. Mine came to me, and asked me if I would think hard of it if they tried to find employment off the places. I was very glad to tell them 'No; that they might go as soon as they pleased, and they could not go too soon.' I never could stand their impudence, I'm sure."

"Let me see; you have the black troops down there? Though Orr told me they were to be relieved at once. I suppose they demoralize the freedmen?"

"Oh, yes! yes, sir; their officers have no control over them. I wish you could have seen what I saw the other day in Georgetown. In the middle of the street there was a crowd. I should think there might have been a hundred of these black soldiers surrounding about half a dozen of the white Yankees and quarrelling with them, calling them the vilest names—'D—n their white-livered souls, they could whip any white man ever walked,' etc. Their faces looked absolutely fiendish. They really appeared like demons. The whole street was full of them, and the citizens were in a fright. They would just as soon elbow one of our first citizens as not. And all this was within a few rods of the nigger colonel's quarters. At last one of the Yankees picked up a little courage and offered to fight any one negro in the crowd. A big fellow jumped out at once and said he was his man; so the two stripped off their coats—"

"Going to fight this nigger?"

"Yes, sir, he was going to do it; but just then the colonel, who must have heard it all—the whole town was in an uproar—walked out of his quarters and spoke a few words to them, and stopped it. Never made any arrests or anything of that kind; seemed to be afraid of them; just walked between them once or twice, and went away."

"One of the captains in Barnwell told me candidly that, in the event of an insurrection, the officers would not be able to restrain the black troops, and they would certainly side with the negroes."

"Yet some people say they prefer them to white soldiers. A friend of mine told me that in the summer he had some difficulty with his people, and sent up to the Yankees for an officer to come down and talk to them. Well, they had the impudence to send down a black sergeant. My friend thought, however, that he'd let him try what he could do. He was a pompous fellow, he said, and very proud of his stripes; but it was really marvellous to see the influence he had with the people. They obeyed him implicitly. He considered it a proof that the freedmen were disposed to be a law-abiding people. I told him I considered it a proof that the black soldiers have entire control of the whole colored population, and it should be a warning to us to have them removed as soon as possible."

"Well, does not it seem as if the United States Government was desirous of bringing on a collision between the races? Its policy can hardly be accounted for on any other supposition; yet that is almost too barbarous."

"We do not know whether anything is too barbarous. However, I believe they will soon be removed."

The conversation, carried on in the dark, was accompanied by snoring from two travellers asleep, and the thread of it was often broken by a jolt, or by the cries of the coachmen giving each other instructions and encouraging the teams to extraordinary exertions. In this, as in other companies of South Carolinians, I noticed that almost always when any man's name is mentioned, some one enquires whom he married. Then the lady's name is given, and it is told whether she was of good family or not, how wealthy she was, and how many children she has brought him. Young men and old seem to take an equal interest in this sort of information, and to possess a great deal of it.

At Hampton's we found the train, and, as usual, quite an assemblage of negroes clustering around some wood fires and waiting for a passage to the low country. Travelling slowly all the forenoon, we reached Branchville without accident, and there, from twelve o'clock till eight in the evening

were detained while the engine was repairing. The little village at the junction, with its half-dozen gaily painted railroad buildings, contained nothing to interest a stranger, and our passengers, after they had wandered for awhile about the platform and read the notices of sales by auction posted there and the order prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to negroes during the holidays, sat and lay on the pine straw in the sunniest spots, impatiently expecting our departure. Some of them derived amusement from the spectacle of a man suffering from an attack of *delirium tremens*. He went from one person to another, falling on his knees and begging for his life. If the gentlemen wished to kill him, of course that was their privilege, and he supposed he deserved it, for it must be acknowledged that he had been in the Yankee army, though he was a Southern man by birth. But he had a wife and two little children. He did n't want to oversize the pile, but he would give fifty dollars, at least, to any gentleman who would save him. If he could have a fair trial, he would be able to show that he had fired on the Massachusetts regiment that came through Baltimore in April, and had made one of them sick, anyhow, and he did n't know but more. Besides, he was an ignorant man, unable to read and write, and never would have gone into the army if he could have got employment. They drafted him after he had travelled about for seven months from place to place to avoid being taken, and he had never shot anywhere but in the air. These, he thought, were mitigating circumstances. He was condemned to death, however, and took the position of the soldier in order to die with dignity. He was repeatedly tried and sentenced and reprieved, and dosed heavily with whiskey and morphine, but nothing could remove from his mind the impression that his fellow-travellers, being Southerners, sought his life, and he continued to weep and supplicate until we arrived at our journey's end.

At Bamberg, thirteen miles from Branchville, there is a break in the S. C. Railroad, and travellers must take a coach for forty-two miles to Johnson's Turn Out, whence they go by rail to Augusta. It was not possible to get a bed in Bamberg, which was filled to overflowing, but our driver lived upon the road five miles from the village, and to his house accordingly we were carried. His fare consisted of myself, a young lady from Georgia returning from boarding-school, and her brother, who escorted her. The driver was loud in praise of his horses and of a "through cut" which he had made through the woods, and which saved all the danger and mud of the big road. We were mighty lucky to get him, he allowed, if he did say it himself. But we met other drivers in his through cut, each of his horses was thrown down once, the carriage was nearly capsized over a bank, and at last he was effectually silenced by a tall stump which broke one of the single-trees and delayed us fifteen minutes. A little before midnight we reached the log-house he had spoken of, and were very glad of a roaring light-wood fire and beds upon the floor. In the morning the farmer, a paralytic old man, came into our room and talked while breakfast was getting ready.

Sherman had been through that country and made him a poor man. He never was wealthy, but now he had n't anything. The soldiers came into his lot one morning early, and they just overrun everything. They did n't burn any of the buildings but the cotton-house. It had a matter of thirty bales in it, though. He would have run it out into the woods, and dropped it about, but it was all in the seed. All the poultry went, and all the bacon except some jowl pieces. When he begged for some of the good meat, they turned round and asked him if he had n't three sons in the rebel army and two sons-in-law, and called him a d—d old rebel. He told them he was n't much of a rebel at the jump, but when the war got a-going it sort o' inspired him. They seemed to know as much about his business as he did. They got all his honey, too, and his knife. He saw a parcel of the Yankees round a bench in the yard, and some mighty fine pieces of the comb there, so he said to them, "Gentlemen, I reckon I can have a piece of the comb." "All right, old fellow," says one, a little Irishman or Scotchman or German he was: "Dad, lend me your knife and I'll cut it for you." So he handed him the knife, and sure enough he did cut off a big piece, but he put the knife into his pocket, and that was the last of it. "He had more use for it than I had," he said. Then they took away every horse he had and every saddle. He was not abused himself or any of his family, though he did n't stand back for them, either. They made a fire in the yard, one parcel of them, and began to dance round it, but he went out and told them he could bear to see his property burnt and stolen, but to make him look on and see them dancing over it was a little too much and he would n't bear it; so they stopped it. One thing the war had taught him anyhow. He would never try to hoard up money again. What he could make he intended to eat and put on his back. He had n't eaten cheese for four years, and hardly any meat, but for the future he should live well.

Breakfast, when it was served, hardly kept the implied promise thus

made us, but it is seldom in these Southern farm-houses that one finds food at once good in itself and well prepared. The old man surveyed the rye coffee and hominy and corn bread and sausages with audible satisfaction. I asked about the freedmen on the farm. At one time he said he had owned thirty-four. The able-bodied young men, seven or eight in number, had been carried off by the Yankees, but the rest remained and had been at work this year, doing tolerably well. At the division of the crop they claimed a third part, and he wanted to give them only a sixth. Nothing was said about terms at the beginning. Finally he had to get a Yankee from the court-house, and he told him he was poor and pretended to be very obstinate about the one-sixth; so the Yankee gave the negroes a right hard talk, and made them take one-fifth, and call themselves lucky to get that. Next year he was going to have an understanding. His negroes said they would work for one-third; he had four white men hired to run the ploughs, at twelve dollars a month and board and washing, and he intended to plant pretty much all his land in cotton. He thought more cotton would be planted in Barnwell in 1866 than in any previous year. Now, if the negroes would only work, he did n't know but it might be a good thing that they were free, and he asked the Georgian and myself what we thought about it; we were city raised, were n't we? and knew more about things than he did. He also enquired of the Georgian if old Joe Brown was not the governor of that State, and if it was true that England had declared war against the United States.

As we were leaving, I asked what we should pay him for our entertainment. "Nothing," he said, "he never took a dollar from a man for lodging in all his life." In a minute he added, "You must talk to the old woman about that." She entered just then, so we asked her the same question, and paid a dollar and a half apiece. On the way the driver, of course, talked about Sherman's army, pointing out this house as the place where so many hundred bushels of corn were destroyed, that as the place where two splendid pianos were smashed to pieces with axes, that other as having been occupied by Sherman as his headquarters for two or three days. "It would n't do for him to travel through this country now. Too many of the boys would want him." As in other parts of the State the devastation was not nearly so great as my preconceived notions of it. But few of the houses near the road had been destroyed, and near the road, I was told, the destruction had been more complete than elsewhere.

"They burnt my house smack clean, sir," said the driver, "and every bit of furniture that I had except some that the niggers saved for me. I was worth fifteen thousand dollars the day the war broke out, and the day it ended I just had my horse that I rode home on. But I'm a young fellow. My father lost everything, too, and he's an old man. They put fire to the corners of the house, and then two of 'em held him and made him look at it burning. The women folks would try to save some of the things out of the fire, and when they came running out with books or anything the Yankees would snatch 'em and throw 'em back on to the fire. The old man had to go down to my sister's—she's married and lives near where you stayed at last night—and she gave him a bed, or he'd had to sleep out in the open air; and when he went down the next morning to look round, sir, one of the niggers told him he might leave; Sherman gave her the place, she said. Called him a grand old rascal and all sorts of names."

"What did he do with her?" the Georgian asked.

"Why, he could n't do anything. He's an old man, seventy-two years old, and she was a big strapping nigger; could ha' killed him with one hand."

"Does he keep her there now?"

"No, by G—, he do n't. You may bet she did n't stay there long after I came home. They told me the story."

"And she's left the plantation?"

"Yes; and when she comes back she'll come back in the spirit. Nobody is exactly certain where she is, you know. Some think she's gone to Charleston or somewhere on the coast, and some think she's got lost in the big swamp."

"A heap of 'em out in my country get into the swamps and get lost. I do n't know as it's true, but I've heard that there's men out there that have n't got anything else to do, and if you mention any nigger to 'em, and give 'em twelve dollars, the nigger's sure to be lost in a very few days."

"I know four right here in Barnwell that have been drowned some way within the last two months. Niggers never were so careless before. They go into the swamps and nobody can find out anything about 'em till by-and-by they're seen floating down the river. Going to the coast, I reckon; that's where they're fond of going."

"Well, now," said the Georgian, "it's queer that the niggers that were the best before the war, the ones that we trusted the most, and thought the



most of, and gave every privilege, are the same ones that turn out the meanest."

The driver admitted that this was the fact, and the Georgian continued: "And the niggers that we thought were the grandest rascals, stealing and lying and everything else, are the ones that do the best now. A nigger has got to know you're his master, and then when he understands that he's content. There was one of our niggers, I'll bet my father has given him more than two thousand lashes since I can remember; he just lived in the woods in old times, but he's the best nigger we've got now. When we hired the hands this year, he was hired with the rest. I was at home myself, and after they'd been working a day or two days, I went out into the field, and they were n't doing anything hardly. So I went up to the house and told my father that the negroes were not doing anything, and this particular nigger I told him I thought was doing all he could to prevent the rest from working; and I'm going to discharge him, says I. Very well, my father told me. He gave me full power to discharge any of them I wished; but, says he, let 's give them a talk first. I was away that evening, but father called them up and told them that I was dissatisfied with the way they worked, and he mentioned this nigger in particular. Well, he stepped out right at once and said, says he: 'Whoever would say that I prevented the rest from working or did n't work well myself, is capable of telling anything.' As much as to call me a liar, you see. Well, the old gentleman told 'em all at home to say nothing to me about it when I came back. He knew there would be a row sure if I heard it, and they all meant to keep it secret from me. But at the supper-table I heard my little brother telling my mother the circumstances, and very soon I got it all out of him. I got up from the table right away and took my walking-cane and a big navy pistol that I've got, and I walked right out of the house. In the yard I met my brother-in-law, and he saw by my looks there was some trouble, and asked me what it was. 'I'd got a nigger to frail,' I told him, 'that had been calling me a liar.' 'All right,' he said, 'he'd go out with me.' So we went on down to the quarters together, he and I. When we got to this nigger's house I called for him and out he came. As soon as I saw him, I jumped for him, and I laid the cane unto him—it was a kind of a riding-cane—just as hard as I could lay it, over the head or anywhere. He did n't like it much, and blamed if he did n't run in on me and get hold of the whip. Then I took the pistol and I did n't stop to cock it, but I hit him two or three times with it as quick as ever I could strike. The pistol went off and the nigger thought I'd killed him. 'Oh! Master Henry,' he says, 'I never thought you'd do one of your own niggers so that you raised yourself.' 'I'll learn you,' says I, 'to call me a liar,' and we took him and tied him up and I gave him one of the best frailings he ever got in his life. My father came out, though, and took him down. He can hardly hobble about, but he was so afraid I'd kill the nigger that he walked away out to the quarters and took him into the house, and washed his head himself and banded it up for him. But he's been the very best hand we've had since that time. Frail a nigger and he knows you."

There was much talk of a similar character between the two young men, and they had an inexhaustible topic of conversation in their varied adventures as soldiers and scouts and spies during the late war. All day we were riding steadily at a very good rate of speed, and early in the evening, without accident, we arrived at the Turn Out, where we were provided with beds, or, rather, with certain fractional parts of beds, and with breakfast on the following morning. In that desolate little hamlet I saw nothing and heard nothing which would merit reporting, and the railway ride across the Savannah River into the State of Georgia was equally destitute of incident.

### THE LONDON TIMES IN TROUBLE.

LONDON, December 30.

Nor having been in China, I cannot say whether the love of stereotyped routine may not be stronger in the Celestial Empire than it is with us. But of all the countries that I am acquainted with, I can assert confidently that England excels all others in a rigid adherence to custom simply as custom. It is an unwritten law of English daily journalism that every editorial should occupy not less than one nor more than one column and a half, and should consist of three paragraphs, and three paragraphs only. From time to time a newspaper makes a bold effort to break through the tradition, but somehow or other the innovators get astounded at their own audacity and relapse into the old prescribed form. So in the same way to-day, as on the last day of every year since time immemorial, the interests of the reading public are deliberately sacrificed to a journalistic tradition. It is the fashion on such days to have no leading articles, and to supply their place by one long dreary summary of the year. Nothing can well be duller than these

annual retrospects. Too long for anybody to read, too cursory to be used for reference, they serve no purpose except to wear out the patience of the public for whom they are supposed to be written. Newspaper editors are sharp enough as a class, and know all this as well as anybody. But it is the custom to have such summaries, and in England an old established custom is not a thing to be disregarded with impunity.

To an American reader the one feature of any interest in these reviews would be, I fancy, the allusions contained in them to the termination of the civil war. It is curious to anybody who remembers how, on the last day of 1864, our newspapers took occasion to discourse on the text that another year had passed without bringing the North any nearer to its insane purpose of restoring the Union, to note the language now held about America by the leading pro-Southern newspapers. The *Times* at last has made the gratifying discovery that, "though the numbers of the Northern army were out of all proportion to its exploits, the troops which were, from time to time, actually engaged displayed creditable discipline and remarkable valor." The same paper, which was never weary, twelve months ago, of ridiculing everybody who suggested the possibility of the Union being restored, now informs its readers that "there is every reason to hope that the United States will deal successfully with the problem of internal reconstruction, and that the people will re-enter on a career of material improvement and expansion." The *Daily Telegraph* delivers an eulogy on the unparalleled splendor of a whole nation's clemency; and the *Saturday Review* performs the process of devouring its own words with a gusto which is creditable to its powers of digestion. When I read, as I do in its annual retrospect, that "to those Englishmen, and they are the vast majority, who have the heart and the sense to take pride and pleasure in the well-doing of a free and kindred race," and so on and so on, I feel a sort of mental confusion as to how it is that I could have been for so long one of a vast majority, together with the writers of the *Saturday Review*, without ever discovering the fact. If, mindful of the Scriptural exhortation concerning the danger of all men speaking well of you, you grow alarmed at this concurrent chorus of praise, you may, perhaps, be consoled by learning that the *Standard* still cherishes its old antagonism to the North, and gravely warns its readers that the time will come when the world will reject "the non-establishment of a well-ordered balance of power in Northern America by an intervention that would have saved the American people three years of desolating warfare."

*Apropos* of newspapers, the club world for the last few days has been occupied with stories of dissensions between the managers of the *Times* newspaper. In all such matters it is very difficult to arrive at the exact truth. Shrewd men of the world, like the conductors of the leading English journal, are not likely to let the world into the secret of their disputes until such time as their connection is finally severed. On this account, I am not disposed to place implicit reliance on the stories circulated in society as to the details of the rumored crisis in Printing House Square. I can only give them to you for what they are worth as the *on dits* of men about town. It is said, then, that for the last week or two the barometer at the *Times* office has stood at "stormy." You may, possibly, be acquainted with the fact that the chief ostensible proprietor of the *Times* is Mr. John Walter, late M.P. for the county of Berkshire. A great and not very intelligible mystery has always been maintained as to the exact proprietorship of the journal in question. On one occasion, when some remark was made on the subject in the House of Commons, Mr. Walter declared that he was by no means as influential in the paper as he was supposed to be. Whether this gentleman is the virtual holder of shares entered in the names of sleeping partners, or whether his profits as printer of the paper—a post secured to him by the terms of the partnership deed—exceed his profits as part proprietor, are points about which opinions differ. As a matter of fact, there is no doubt that he reaps the lion's share of the income derived from the *Times*, and that he is the ultimate authority in all matters relating to the paper. In other words, there is no person employed in its management whom Mr. Walter could not dismiss if he were so minded. His father and grandfather took a very active part in the management of the paper; and it is on record that in one instance, at the outset of the Puseyite movement, when some one of the young Oxford writers of the day wrote an article expressing sympathy with Dr. Newman's views, old Walter posted up to London the very moment he caught sight of the article, to stop what he considered rightly a most fatal error. The present inheritor of the Walter interest has of late years kept himself studiously aloof from any active interference in the conduct of the *Times*. A man of large property, a county member, and a local magnate in Berkshire, he has hitherto, according to an expressive, though vulgar expression, done his utmost "to drop the shop." In his place in Parliament he was a steadfast supporter of the Palmerston Administration, and markedly expressed views on more than one occasion

not in accordance with those advocated in the journal of which he was the reputed owner. In his private capacity he was much more desirous of being known as a large landed proprietor than as Walter of the *Times*. Thus, for many years the practical management of the paper has been delegated entirely to Mr. Delane and other members of the *Times* staff, who formed a sort of happy family party, united in more than one instance by ties of marriage.

At last, so report says, this mutually satisfactory arrangement has been disturbed. Mr. Walter, according to the current story, recently informed Mr. Delane that he was not satisfied with the manner in which the paper had been conducted of late. Upon this, according to the same gossip, Mr. Delane tendered his resignation, and several of the staff expressed their resolution to leave if his resignation was accepted. In fact, for a time, it was thought there was likely to be a complete break-up in Printing House Square. Now, however, it is rumored that the quarrel has been made up; and that no important change will be made in the management. As I said before, I do not vouch for the accuracy of these statements. I simply mention them as current in quarters likely to be well informed on the subject. I almost disbelieve in their truth, if I may say so, from their intrinsic probability. It is so natural the proprietors of the *Times* should be dissatisfied with the position of the paper, that people are apt to assume the fact of their so being. I have very little doubt that the assertion commonly made by the persons connected with the paper is true, and that the actual net profit of the paper is larger now than it ever was before. I am told, too, on good authority that the circulation increases steadily. This fact, however, I feel sceptical about. Any man who is in the habit of travelling about England must, I think, share my scepticism. The *Times* has lost its "chance" custom. In the railroads and omnibuses you hardly see anybody reading the *Times* now; the news-boys find it does not pay to sell it on the streets; the suburban news-vendors never keep it on stock; they supply a very large number on order, but they no longer take in copies not ordered beforehand. The truth is, the penny papers have supplanted it as popular organs of opinion. It is still the newspaper of the governing classes, but it is no longer the chief English journal. For this fact the gentlemen who have managed the paper are very little to blame. When once it became clear that a penny newspaper could be made to pay, it became clear also that sooner or later the *Times* must either lower its price to a penny or be content to see other competitors surpass it in circulation and in the influence attaching to a vast constituency of readers. The only valid cause of complaint against the management is not that the *Times* cannot compete in popularity with a paper like the *Daily Telegraph*, but that it has forfeited its reputation for political sagacity. The utter failure of all its predictions with reference to the American war is beginning to tell against it. Then its reckless advocacy of Governor Eyre has proved to be a mistake in policy as well as in principle; and its bitter animosity towards the idea of reform is, to say the least, a hazardous experiment. Moreover, in a merely intellectual point of view, it has not of late exhibited its former supremacy of talent. Constantly other newspapers are beforehand with it in news. Leaders and reports in other papers get more talked about than those in the leading journal.

The Crimean war was the apogee of the *Times*'s greatness and grandeur. Its one formidable rival, the *Morning Chronicle*, had been finally vanquished in the contest, and both proprietors and managers fancied that they had established their power on an immovable basis. With security there came carelessness, and the result has been the gradual decline of its influence. On the whole, I think this is a circumstance for which the public has cause to be grateful. Personally I have a great respect for the talent and good sense with which for many years the *Times* was conducted; and, with all its faults, I own it had also signal virtues. The heyday of its greatness will, I think, always remain one of the most brilliant periods of English journalism; and if the despotism of the *Times* were simply to be replaced by that of some younger and more energetic rival, I should see little ground for satisfaction. Happily, this is not likely to be the case. It is most improbable that the combination of circumstances which conferred on the *Times* its temporary dictatorship should ever occur again. We shall have, I hope, a number of influential and successful papers in coming years, but I trust we shall never have one again able to speak, as the *Times* at one time could do, in the name of England. A monopoly of power is dangerous for any rulers, but above all for an anonymous and irresponsible body such as in the day of the Crimea held sway in Printing House Square.

With the exception of these reports concerning the *Times*, there has been a complete dearth of any public news. During these Christmas holidays all politics are forgotten, and till Parliament meets, in February, we are not likely to hear much of political discussion. There has been some

talk of late of Mr. Bright's accepting a seat in the Russell-Gladstone cabinet, but I believe the rumor to be utterly unfounded. If Earl Russell is defeated, as I expect, on the reform question, he will possibly form a complete coalition with the advanced liberals, but not till he has tried his fortune alone; he will certainly not ally himself with the member for Birmingham. I have some reason to believe that Mr. Bright has lately devoted himself more sedulously to commercial matters—a fact that is utterly irreconcilable with any idea of taking office.

The death of Sir Charles Eastlake has left vacant the presidency of the Royal Academy. The question of his successor excites much interest in the artist world; but I suppose there is little doubt the office will be offered to Sir Edwin Landseer.

## PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, December 29, 1865.

THE Christmas music in all the more fashionable centres of ecclesiastical attraction has been this year uncommonly fine. Many rising composers had written masses expressly for the occasion; and these, interpreted by the leading artists of the day, seem to have been eminently successful. That performed at the Church of the Madeleine, by Camille de St. Saëns, so well-known for his admirable transcriptions of Bach, has added a very green leaf to the chaplet already so worthily won by him.

A beautiful mass was performed at the Chapel of the Tuileries on Christmas, in presence of the court, the King and Queen of Portugal, their sister and brother-in-law, Princess Hohenzollern and her husband, and a numerous gathering of distinguished guests specially invited. In the evening a "family dinner," of a very magnificent description, took place at the palace, and happily cemented the reconciliation which has just been brought about between the Emperor and his too outspoken cousin. Here, where every little detail of court life is scrutinized with interest, as "straws" showing "which way the wind blows," it was remarked with satisfaction that the occupants of the Palais Royal went on foot to the Tuileries, thus freeing their visit of every appearance of etiquette, and giving to it the air of a merely private family affair. The Imperial hosts are said to have responded to this token of returning kindness and good-will by giving a most affectionate reception to the Prince and Princess. All the numerous members of the Imperial family were present at this gathering, with the exception of Princess Anna Murat, now Duchesse de Mouchy, who, after the splendors of her marriage at the Tuileries, and her reception by the people of over thirty villages in the neighborhood of Mouchy-le-Castel—with no end of triumphal arches, bouquets, addresses from *maires* in official costume, and charity-children in book-muslin, torchlight processions, and grand displays of rockets and Bengal fires—is spending her honeymoon with her youthful bridegroom in the old dwelling of his historic ancestry, in the midst of a population whose affectionate veneration for the Mouchy family offers a curious contrast to the indifference of the Paris of to-day for the great names of the past. The Prince Imperial, who, being in his ninth year, is becoming quite a man in his own eyes, was allowed for the first time to eat his Christmas dinner with his "august" relatives.

The traditional roast-beef and plum-pudding which, since England was England, have constituted the orthodox Christmas dinner on the other side of the Channel, are only seen here on the tables of the English residents. The American colony substitutes turkeys for roast-beef, but largely patronizes the traditional pudding, and is by no means oblivious of mince-pie, though this latter is seldom prepared exactly according to the standard of its English original. But no lover of Christmas and Christmas cheer, in England or out of it, has ever been able to imitate the famous "plum-broth" which, served up in a massive, antique silver tureen of Brobdignagian proportions, has formed for ages the distinguishing feature of the Christmas dinner of the kings and queens of England. This "broth" is, in fact, a liquid edition of the orthodox pudding, with the same deep hue of old mahogany, verging on blackness, the same delectable and enticing odor, the same peculiar mellow richness of flavor, luscious yet chastened, and laying, alas! the same heavy tax on the powers of the digestive organs. But easy as would seem, to ordinary mortals, the task of diluting the "solid pudding" to the consistence of water, no one has ever succeeded in imitating the "plum-broth," of which the secret, strictly guarded, is handed down from generation to generation by each successive "head cook" at Windsor Castle to his immediate successor.

The young King and Queen of Portugal (who had so much difficulty in getting a leave of absence from the Portuguese Chambers, and whose "outing" was delayed for some weeks after permission had been given to their Majesties to leave the kingdom, because the Chambers obstinately



refused to let the precious two-year-old baby, the heir to the crown, accompany his royal parents, who were equally determined not to go without him, have been making the most of their brief liberty. They enjoyed themselves immensely in Italy, dispensing with state and etiquette, seeing all the Queen's old friends, and visiting everything of interest within reach. During their stay here they have been just as busy, and have had their time pretty well occupied in sight-seeing. They wound up their explorations on Saturday by going to the magnificent new Théâtre du Chatelet, and, getting back from there about twelve, lost no time in putting on masks and dominoes and going to the opera-ball, which takes place every Saturday night at this season, beginning exactly at midnight. The frantic, glittering, many-colored whirl of sights and sounds so attractive to the pleasure-loving people of Paris, was witnessed by their youthful Majesties, of course, from the decorous precincts of a stage-box.

Queen Maria Pia, not yet eighteen, and the mother of a couple of boys, shares largely the want of personal beauty which is the appanage of her House. Prince Humbert, though not handsome, has a refined and very intelligent face, the plainness of whose features is redeemed by a magnificent forehead. Princess Clotilde, far from pretty, looks so good, so kind, and so honest, that her face is pleasing, despite its plainness. But the young Queen of Portugal, though said to be very amiable, and adored by her husband and all about her, is plain almost to ugliness. Her complexion is as white as wax, her hair is violently "carrotty," and her features are as inharmonious as possible. The redeeming point in her personal appearance is her figure, which is splendid; tall, shapely, and well-developed. She dresses admirably, and her manners are at once dignified and pleasing. The young King is a fine-looking fellow, not handsome, but with an open, intelligent face, a most winning smile, and charming manners. He is highly educated, well-read, an accomplished musician, and a universal favorite.

The great attraction of the hour is the pair of great dolls, dressed in the styles of the First and Second Empire, now exhibiting in the tempting windows of Siraudin, the well-known ex-member of the Legislative Assembly, poet, playwright, philosopher, now the first maker of artistic sugar-plums in Paris. The dolls are about four feet high, of wax, and wonderfully got up. The "First Empire" wears an immensely long train of crimson velvet embroidered with silver wheat, over a petticoat of white satin entirely covered with the same magnificent embroidery, an apology for a *corsage*, coming scarcely lower than the arm-pits, and edged with a standing ruffle of lace, a turban of the same crimson velvet, with jewels in the band, long white kid gloves fastened above the elbow with a cameo bracelet. Every line about the figure (which holds a little fan in its right hand, and with its left is plucking behind at its long train, as though fearing an entanglement in walking) indicates an attempt to produce the effect of length without thickness, the tightly-gored petticoat being of the most attenuated narrowness. The "Empire" of to-day sports a gorgeous robe of very rich *moiré* of a pale gray shade, with cupids so cunningly wrought in the same as to give the effect of Gobelins tapestry; the skirt, excessively long behind and displayed over a crinoline of most fashionable proportions, is bordered with a deep trimming of dark green velvet, almost covered with gold ornaments, according to the *furore* of the day; the *corsage* and sleeves are trimmed and ornamented to match; the head is covered with a mass of short puffy curls *à la Newfoundland*, ornamented with bands of gold and surmounted with one of the microscopic bonnets now in vogue; a lace shawl and white gloves complete the toilette, and the little lady holds a rose in her hand. All Paris is flocking to the Rue de la Paix to admire and laugh at the pair of little figures, so well illustrating the two extremes of fashionable folly they so faithfully represent.

The double line of ugly wooden booths, looking like magnified packing-cases, which a paternal municipality allows the petty manufacturers of the capital to set up for a fortnight at this season along the Boulevards, have just made their appearance, and are rivalling, on a lower scale, the more costly attractions of the shops. The week before New Year's Day is always a very carnival of buying and selling, the amount of money thus "turned over" during the last few days of each expiring year being something fabulous.

All the theatres are bringing out new pieces in honor of the season. Mademoiselle Brohan, the popular actress at the Théâtre Français, has just drawn a prize of 50,000 fr. in a lottery, and a sister-artist, Mademoiselle Ehlers, has added another to the long list of victims to Moloch and crinoline, having been burned to death on the stage of the opera at St. Petersburg. The various courses of lectures lately introduced among the amusements of Paris are being "improved" by the co-operation of pairs of speakers, who take opposite sides in the discussion of the topic of the evening; and returning grandes are opening their salons for the coming winter. But

the topic which will be uppermost in the general mind of this region for a week to come is faithfully reflected in the letter just found in the post-office, addressed to "The Infant Jesus. In Heaven. To be given to St. Peter," and containing an urgent entreaty, from the child-writer, for "plenty of New Year's presents."

STELLA.

## Correspondence.

### THE FUTURE RELATIONS OF NORTH AND SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Having, since the termination of the war, occupied nearly five months—from July until the latter part of December, 1865—in making an extended tour through the Southern States, passing over portions of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, it has been suggested to the writer that the general result of his observation and experience in the South, more especially as regards the present disposition of the people and the feeling they entertain toward Northern men, might possess sufficient interest for the public to justify him in offering a brief summary of his conclusions upon those questions which at the present time justly occupy so considerable a degree of public interest.

A detailed and carefully elaborated report is not, of course, to be expected from one whose business at the South was of a purely commercial character, which of necessity prevented him from giving the subjects herein briefly alluded to that attention and careful study they require; and even if the writer were competent to the task, the nature of the data from which he has drawn his inferences and conclusions precludes the possibility of any such undertaking. The following views are therefore submitted, without apology for their crudeness, the writer merely premising that his statements have no greater merit than their sincerity, and that all relations of facts and actual occurrences may be relied upon as literally true and capable of abundant substantiation.

It will scarcely, I think, be denied, by any disinterested and unprejudiced observer of the popular feeling as it exists in the Southern States to-day, that so general and all-pervading is the hatred and distrust at present existing among Southerners of all classes against men of the North, particularly against all persons born or educated in the New England States, that although, aside from this fact and the general insecurity of life and property at the South, the inducement to invest capital is very great, yet, under the circumstances, no Northern man would be justified in giving up a permanent and profitable business at the North in the hope of securing a larger return for his money by investing it at the South. Whenever the inhabitants of the Southern States shall have realized sufficiently the great change that has taken place in the nature of their institutions and the character of their labor, and consent to receive emigrants from the North with courtesy and good-will, instead of suspicion and dislike; whenever they shall be willing to lay aside their foolish and unworthy jealousy and give the "Yankee" fair play, and extend to him the right hand of fellowship, then, and not till then, will Northern men and Northern capital be justified in seeking a field for industry and investment at the South. At the present moment, so far is this from being the case, that in the interior of the cotton States a man had better hail from the state prison than from Yankeeeland. Threats are freely uttered as to what methods will be resorted to to rid them of all "abolitionists" when the military shall have been withdrawn; and I state a fact that any Northern gentleman of "radical" sentiments who has ventured among the Southern people since the conclusion of the war will confirm, when I say that it is hardly more safe to differ in opinion from the prevailing Southern idea of the incapacity of the negro to-day than before the war. Any man who expects to go South and be able to express his opinion in favor of negro suffrage, and the right of the black to political equality with the whites, will be disappointed. The presence of the United States troops may protect him in the large towns and cities, but his life will be in constant danger wherever his sentiments are known and the protection of the soldiers is withdrawn.

This feeling of hatred toward Northern men professing "abolition" sentiments is not confined to any particular class. It appears to be as common among their best educated and more prominent citizens as among the less influential and most ignorant. As a general rule the women of the South exceed the men in the bitterness of their vituperation; and, singular to say, the clergymen of the different denominations vie with one another in the expression of the most bigoted, uncharitable, and unchristian denunciations of Northern character and motives; inculcating rather a spirit of revenge than the virtues of moderation and forgiveness. The young men

and women are almost unanimous in their animosity against the North; and the educators of the public youth, the professors in the different colleges and seminaries, manifest anything but a true spirit of loyalty and hearty acquiescence in the course of events.

The great and radical difficulty in the way of a perfect reconciliation between the people of the North and South appears to be the fact that, however much the Southerners may regret and deplore their folly in going to war, yet nearly all still believe sincerely that the *right* was on their side. In the language of one of their journals, "the *right* of secession, as a question, stands as it stood before the war; and the only thing in reference to it that is settled is the inability of the South to carry it into effect." Instead of recognizing their present sad condition as a just and well-merited punishment, brought on by their own rashness and presumption, the inhabitants of the Southern States are now wasting their time in useless regrets as to what is done and cannot be undone, or in worse than useless plans for effecting their purpose in some other manner.

It may as well be understood by the Northern people first as last that a genuine, loyal, Union sentiment, as it is felt and recognized at the North, is almost entirely unknown at the South. *Individuals* there are, without doubt, who sincerely acknowledge the benefits resulting from the union of these States; but the great body of the Southern people at the present time regard the national authority as an usurping military tyranny.

Far from being convinced that the close of the war was the death-struggle of State-rights, they look forward to a period when the United States shall have become involved either in a foreign war or in financial confusion to again assert and maintain their independence.

At the present time there is not the slightest reason to suspect the existence of any immediate design of again taking up arms against the national authority, yet it is plainly to be observed that no feeling is more earnest and deep-seated among the great majority of the Southern people than their desire to live apart from the North; and I have no doubt that the inhabitants of the Southern States to-day, if permitted to do as they please, would vote themselves out of the Union with even greater unanimity than in 1860. The stand-point from which they now regard the position of affairs differs decidedly from that occupied by the Northern people. Everywhere I found among their best educated and most cultivated citizens a firm belief that "the end was not yet." I have frequently been told with great emphasis that this nation could not hold together for five years under any circumstances. Their belief in the righteousness of their cause, and its expediency from a political point of view, appears to have been shaken very little by the surrender of their armies. There were many of the shrewder class of politicians at the South who opposed secession in its inception and progress not so much from opposition to the policy itself, as in view of the war and consequent disaster it would bring upon them. These men hoped by constantly agitating the subject to bring about their end without war; they believed they could in time convince the voters of the Western States that their interests lay rather with the South than the East, and this once accomplished they did not doubt that separation would follow peacefully. Now, by the process of events and the policy adopted at Washington, these men, from their original opposition to the *war*, not to *secession*, have become the advisers and guides of the Southern people.

This being the case, it is easily to be understood that the inhabitants of the South to-day are only prevented from manifesting their inclinations by the pressure of the national authority, exerted as it is by and through our military forces; and as soon as the soldiers are withdrawn, and the Southerners are permitted to speak and act as they please, it must be *expected* that the old spirit will again be exhibited. If they are impatient and restless now, what is to be hoped for when all restraint shall have been withdrawn? I repeat that I saw no reason, while in the South, to apprehend a second attempt at a *forcible* disruption of the Union, but I believe that we of the North must expect, and be prepared for, a steady, united, and persistent effort on the part of the Southern people to accomplish the dissolution of the present form of government, and the erection of a Southern confederacy, by and through other agencies than the bayonet. To what end is it to be supposed their organizations tend? So long as the will remains, and their minds and hearts are unchanged, so long will there be danger, constant danger, of an effort to attack the integrity and unity of this Government.

It would really appear as if it were impossible that opinions *could* differ as to the means to be employed to bring the South into a proper frame of mind. I believe that there would be but one sentiment at the North in regard to the subject, if all understood exactly what is the attitude of the Southern people to-day. What would be thought of the wisdom of an individual who, having been attacked by an assassin, had conquered him after a

desperate struggle, and then not only assisted him to rise, but handed him back the weapon just aimed at his own life?

I have spoken of a class of Southerners who were in favor of secession if it could be brought about peaceably, but who opposed the *war* from the knowledge that it would tend, even if successful, to lower the value of their slave property, etc. These men to-day urge that had their ideas been adopted, separation would have been accomplished; and they allege that the mistake the Southern people committed lay *not* in the end they sought to attain, but in the *means* through which they sought to effect that end. Many among them feel assured that if, instead of secession, they had "fought for their rights" under the old flag, they would have secured the co-operation of many at the North, and, by revolutionizing the national Government, would have reconstructed it to suit themselves, leaving out New England and the more radical States of the North-west. These men have a more pernicious effect upon the minds of the Southern people than the leaders of the secession movement, many of whom are convinced that they are whipped for all time, and who bitterly hate all the advocates of peaceable secession, because they think that had they come forward at the critical moment and given their assistance, instead of hanging back and stigmatizing the movement as premature, the South would have been victorious in the struggle. For this reason and for others, I cannot but regard the policy of the Administration in refusing the late leaders of the Southern people any participation in reconstruction as unwise and impolitic. I am thoroughly of the opinion that such men as the Confederate Vice-President, Stephens, of Georgia, are prevented by the existing policy from doing much good which they feel inclined to do; while the men in power at the South, possessing infinitely less influence with the masses of the Southern people, are doing their utmost to *retard* the Union movement instead of accelerating it. If the present policy be persisted in, it will not be difficult to indicate a programme of operations which will be commenced so soon as the Southern representatives can regain their seats in Congress. From what I heard and saw in all parts of the South, it is safe to assume that one of the first steps to be taken will be a claim for compensation for every slave that has been freed, every rail that has been burned, and every peck of corn taken by Northern armies at the South. The national debt will be attacked either in front and without disguise, under the plea that, since the North has obliged the South to repudiate the Confederate debt, it is unfair to ask them to assume any part of that contracted to overwhelm them; or else a flank movement will be made in favor of a reduction of taxes and a low tariff. In one word, every effort of political intrigue will be exhausted to swamp our national credit, in the hope that in the confusion sure to ensue in case of their success, the Southerners may find an opportunity to effect their purpose.

Under these circumstances it would appear as though no other means *could* be adopted for the immediate future than the retention of a strong military force at the South and the diffusion of information among the masses of the Southern whites, in order that they may be *educated* into a belief that their true interests and future welfare require that they should remain in the Union and *of* it. The origin of the late war may be traced to the ignorance prevailing among the Southern whites in regard to the intentions of the North. That ignorance still remains in full force.

The educational influences which are now being exerted on the minds of the rising generation at the South, whether at home in the family, at school, or in society, are such as, unless they can speedily be done away with, or counteracted in some manner, must certainly render the future political leaders at the South as inimical to the federal Union as their predecessors.

No more certain method, in my opinion, can be adopted to render disaffection toward the national Government permanent, and keep awake the spirit of hostility toward the North, at present so painfully manifest in all parts of the Southern States, than the system of education as at present administered at the South. It is a matter of boast among the people that they hate the Yankees, and their children hate them worse still. I believe that a deliberate attempt is now being made to bring up the youth of the South to adopt as their first duty to one day reassert the heresy of State sovereignty. Ask almost any Southern boy under ten years of age what he intends to do when grown up, and he replies, "Fight the Yankees"—a remark sure to be applauded as an evidence of spirit.

Northern people may disregard this fact, and argue that time will soften the asperities and diminish the unkindness of the Southerners, but it was precisely this teaching and this feeling that made the late war possible, and so long as the people of the Southern States persist in inculcating the idea that the position of the South to-day is similar to that of Poland or Hungary, so long will an element of disaffection exist which may do much harm at some future time.



With regard to the future condition of the freedmen at the South, if left entirely to the mercy of the Southerners, it is not difficult to forecast their fate. They will be obliged, in one way or another, to work for a scanty pittance, punished mercilessly for the slightest infringement of whatever arbitrary and unjust laws may be imposed upon them, and if they attempt to better their condition, or resist the impositions practised upon them, they will be shot down like dogs. In many parts of the Southern country the position of the late slave is far worse than when held as a chattel, since then it was his master's interest to look after his health and physical well-being, while now the interest of his employer ceases at the moment he becomes unable from sickness or accident to render service in return for what he receives. It is the universal impression among Southerners that the negro is destined to extermination, and the desire to see the last of him is freely expressed. But while he yet remains among them they wish to obtain the full benefit of his service, and, as they have no idea of free labor, any attempt they make to oblige the black to work is, to a greater or less extent, based upon the old system of slavery. No stronger argument can be adduced in favor of maintaining a military force at the South, than the necessity of affording protection and assuring justice to the freedmen. The danger of insurrection among them, of which so much is heard at the present time, will be rendered less, so that the Southern people can hardly object on that score. But the fact is, that all fears of an extended, organized, and systematic uprising on the part of the blacks are merely the offspring of the excited imaginations of the Southern people, rendered more vivid by their knowledge of the wrongs the blacks endured.

As the attention of the American public at the present moment is in no small degree directed toward the question of the probable future supply of cotton, and the amount on hand in the Southern States at the conclusion of the war, I append the result of my investigations upon these subjects during the five months I passed in the cotton States.

I estimate the amount of old cotton in good condition at the termination of hostilities in the South as approximating eleven hundred thousand bales. To this must be added the crop of the present season, which I judge to be nearly a half-million bales, making the entire amount of cotton, old and new, in the country, available before the crop of 1866, to be about sixteen hundred thousand bales (1,600,000). Allowing that a very much larger amount has been concealed than was generally supposed, and, after making the most liberal additions for all possibilities, the amount of merchantable cotton in the Southern country from the 1st of May, 1865, up to the 1st of September, 1866, will still be less than two millions of bales.

As regards the future of cotton, so much depends upon what measures are adopted to regulate labor and restore order and tranquillity at the South, that it is unsafe to hazard an opinion with any degree of assurance. Up to a very recent period, I felt quite certain that the quantity of cotton to be expected next season would not exceed, if, indeed, it amounted to, one million bales; but in view of the great exertions which are being made by Northern capitalists, and the unexpected energy developed by many of the poorer class of Southern whites in prosecuting the cultivation of the staple, two millions of bales are within the limits of possibility. A. W. K.

## Literature.

### LITERARY NOTES.

In the present rage for collecting everything that relates to the history of America—Revolutionary, rebellious, local, general, and particular—when any scrap of engraving, printing, or coin that is connected with our great historical names and events calls forth the competition of apparently limitless purses, it is remarkable that one branch of national progress has been entirely neglected. We mean the illustration of American intellect, as exhibited in the printed literature of the country. No one has yet turned his attention to making a collection of books written by Americans. How scarce they become in a few years, and how difficult of access, may be seen by any one who takes a book like Duyckinck's "Cyclopedia of American Literature," and tries to consult the writings of almost any one of the minor authors there commemorated. He will soon find that neither public libraries nor book stores will afford much help, and for all practical purposes a large portion of what has been is almost as inaccessible as if it never existed. As an instance at hand, we notice in Dr. Gardiner Spring's lately published autobiography a list is given of his writings, amounting in number to about sixty distinct publications, including twenty-two octavo volumes. Probably no library in New York possesses a quarter of them. Of course, with books issued in provincial towns and

country districts, the chance of their preservation is proportionably lessened. Perhaps there is something in the nomadic habits of our people unfavorable to the preservation of relics of this kind, for it is a curious fact that most of the rare American early printed books that grace the shelves of our collectors are procured from London, and, even after all the drafts made on that great reservoir, more curious things of this sort can be "picked up" in England than can be found here. What we would urge the collection of is not, however, books that lay claim to be rarities, but simply the original works that point out the prevailing currents of thought, and are identified with the intellectual movements of the country. That much of value exists unrecognized is certain. The history of no science can be written satisfactorily without a knowledge of the progressive steps of its advancement. John Stuart Mill says of a work on political economy, by John Rae, published in Boston in 1834, and never heard of by the present generation: "In no other book known to me is so much light thrown, both from principles and history, on the causes which determine the application of capital;" and other instances might be given. A complete collection of American educational works would be of great value and curiosity. In fact, in every pursuit that has engaged attention among us a perfect series of books is desirable. It is one of the latest discoveries of bibliography that there is no such thing as absolute rubbish—nothing, in fact, but what may have a value for some classes of enquirers, and consequently should not be allowed to perish.

—A new work by Henry Fawcett, professor of political economy at the University of Cambridge, and M.P. for Brighton in the new Parliament, has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.—"The Economic Position of the British Laborer." His "Manual of Political Economy" has lately reached a second edition. The pursuance of studies under so great an affliction as a complete loss of sight is of rare occurrence, and still more the appearance of any one so circumstanced in public life. Professor Fawcett was born in 1833, the son of a Wiltshire gentleman. He was educated at King's College, London, thence passing to Cambridge, where he obtained very high mathematical honors and graduated as seventh wrangler in 1856. He adopted the law as his profession, but ten years later his legal studies were interrupted by the peculiarly distressing accident whose consequences influenced his future life. In the autumn of 1858, Mr. Fawcett was spending the vacation at home, and, while engaged in partridge-shooting with other members of his family, he received two stray shots from his father's gun, each shot piercing the centre of either eye-ball and rendering him hopelessly blind. This lamentable occurrence made a change of pursuit necessary, and he consequently devoted himself to political economy. His election to the professorship of that science at Cambridge followed in 1863. It has been filled with singular honor to himself and with undoubted benefit to the university. As a public speaker, Mr. Fawcett has made a most favorable impression at several late meetings of the British Association. He contested the representation of Southwark and the borough of Cambridge previously to his triumphant return by the Liberal party at Brighton, whence he enters the new Parliament under the most favorable auspices, and will, undoubtedly, be heard of among the partisans of legislative progress.

—A reprint has just been issued by Messrs. Willis & Sotheman, of London, of a rare little tract, to which their attention was no doubt drawn by the similar undertaking of the late Mr. George Livermore, of Boston. It has often been said that the soldiers in Cromwell's army were each supplied with a pocket Bible, though no evidence existed to show what edition it could be. A short time since the tract in question was discovered, and is no doubt what every Commonwealth soldier was furnished with by the Government, though only two copies are now known to be in existence: one among the "King's Pamphlets" in the British Museum, and the other in Mr. Livermore's collection. It is entitled "Souldier's Pocket Bible, containing the most (if not all) those places contained in Holy Scripture which doe shew the qualifications of his inner man—that is, a fit Souldier to fight the Lord's Battels, both before the fight, in the fight, and after the fight;" London, 1643. Mr. Livermore printed privately a few copies for distribution among his friends of this curious relic of the Cromwellian era, including two copies on vellum, which were among the first specimens of typography on that material executed in this country. The London reprint is also a fac-simile, with an introduction by Francis Fry, the Biblical collector, and editor of the beautifully executed fac-simile edition of Tyndale's New Testament.

—"The Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States," by Mr. Lossing, the author and artist, after long and careful preparation, is now passing through the press. The first volume will probably be issued in February. The great popularity and wide circulation of Mr. Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution" suffice to show that the public appreciate

the unique combination of the pen and the pencil for which his works are remarkable. Volume I. of the "Pictorial History" will contain the early civil and military history of the conflict from the opening of the first scene in the Democratic Convention at Charleston, in the spring of 1860, to the close of the battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861. Its six hundred pages include more than four hundred illustrative engravings. About one hundred and fifty of these are portraits of prominent men on both sides—governors, generals, statesmen, etc. The remainder comprise views and maps of battle-grounds, forts, arsenals, ships of war, weapons, medals of honor, military costumes, and a great variety of other subjects, all helping the "education of the eye" in a knowledge of the material forces of the great conflict. The succeeding volumes will be issued with as little delay as possible consistent with their careful execution. The last will contain biographical sketches in dictionary arrangement of all the prominent actors in the war, loyal or disloyal, male or female, with fac-simile of the signature of each, an elaborate analytical index to the whole work, etc. The enterprise of the publisher, Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has ably seconded the efforts of the author and artist. The "Pictorial History" will contain, when complete, two thousand illustrations, and will rank among the handsomest books ever produced in this country. The popularity of the subject, and the demand for books relating to it, continue unabated. For a "Naval and Military History of the Rebellion," issued by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., mainly condensed from their "Annual Cyclopædia" for each year of the war, the publishers are said to have received, in a short space of time, orders for eighty thousand copies.

—The third volume of Prof. Rawlinson's historical work, "Five Great Monarchies of the Eastern World," is just published by Mr. Murray. One more volume will complete the work, and thus place within the reach of general readers the best résumé yet made of the results of archaeological study in the East. The work shows how far the materials amassed by the labors of Sir Henry Rawlinson, Botta, Oppert, Dr. Martin Haug, Burnouf, Max Müller, Layard, and other scholars, both English and Continental, are available for the reconstruction of the historic past, and the reproduction of whole chapters in the world's record that had died out of human memory. The earliest Chaldean empire (an entirely new discovery, unknown to the ancients) and the monarchy of Assyria occupy the first and second volume of Prof. Rawlinson's work. They are derived almost entirely from monuments, inscriptions, ancient remains, etc. In the new volume, relating to the third and fourth empires, Media and Babylonia, firmer ground is reached, the narratives of the Greek historians by turns reflecting light on, and receiving elucidation from, the crumbling material fragments of vanished civilization that reward the diligence of the explorer. Among the interesting topics fully discussed are the religion of Zoroaster and its sacred book, the "Zendavesta," in its connection with the earliest phase of Aryan religious belief, as preserved in the Sanscrit Vedas, the extent and remains of ancient Babylon, the progress in astronomical science of its inhabitants, for which they were celebrated by all the nations of antiquity, etc. Not the least valuable portion of Prof. Rawlinson's book is its richness in illustration, the three volumes containing nearly six hundred drawings of Assyrian, Chaldean, and Babylonian antiquities. The fourth and concluding volume will comprise the ancient empire of Persia, and complete the survey of Eastern dominion ere the sceptre passed to European hands.

—In the absence of stirring literary news at home, the French papers abound in gossip respecting the illustrious exile, Victor Hugo, who is now made the theme of more *canards* than any writer since Lord Byron. He is said to have received from his Brussels publishers a sum equal to 150,000 francs for the forthcoming book, "Les Travailleurs de la Mer;" and for a series of volumes of poems, "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," the first of which was lately published, 40,000 francs per volume for twelve years' right of publication. The Brussels edition of this first volume consisted of three thousand copies, and that printed under the same copyright for the Paris market of ten thousand. As his gains by "Les Misérables" are said to amount to nearly half a million of francs, the sum total of his receipts reaches a very respectable "figure." His literary activity keeps pace with the public eagerness, and a new book by Victor Hugo, the incidents of which are laid in England, to appear simultaneously in French and English editions, has already been secured by an eminent London publishing firm. "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" will be issued in an American translation by Mr. Carleton, the publisher of "Les Misérables."

—The relics of pre-historic races so abundantly found in Central France, and famous for the information they afford respecting a fauna and a human population formerly existing in that region under conditions that mark a very early stage in man's history on the earth, are about to receive due il-

lustration in a work devoted to the subject. It is entitled "Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ, being Contributions to the Archaeology and Palæontology of Perigord and the adjoining Provinces of Central France, by Edward Lartet and Henry Christy." It will contain numerous well-executed plates of the weapons, tools, and ornamental work in stone, bone, and horn of the pre-historic cave-dwellers of Perigord, also of the osseous remains of contemporaneous animals. The work will form about twenty parts in quarto, each containing six plates and letter-press. Another important ethnological work may be mentioned as relating to a different branch of the same class of enquiries, "The Oriental Races and Tribes Resident and Visitors of Bombay," a series of photographs with letter-press descriptions by William Johnson, of the Bombay Civil Service. It is magnificently issued in folio, at five guineas per volume.

—Though scarcely a purely literary topic, yet, as connected with books and interesting to a large class, a brief mention may appropriately be made here of the new system of reporting the legal decisions of the English courts, adopted with the sanction of a council of the most distinguished members of the profession, headed by the Attorney-General, Sir Roundell Palmer. The evil attempted to be remedied is one of long continuance and growing inconvenience. The number, expense, unofficial character, and imperfections of the rapidly increasing series of legal reports which every lawyer must keep up with, has been an acknowledged grievance for more than a hundred years past, and the principle of unchecked competition rather increased the mischief. At the present time there are fourteen distinct sets of reports in progress of the various courts, costing about £30 per annum, and produced without any uniformity of principle. The gentlemen connected with eleven of these series have accepted appointments under the council, who undertake to issue a complete and carefully prepared set of reports by the most able and experienced reporters, under independent professional control, published with expedition, regularity, and uniformity, at the moderate price of five guineas per annum. The details of the plan are given in the announcement of the council, and appear to be well considered and adapted to the wants of the legal profession. The reports will be issued in three divisions: I., the Appellate; II., the Common Law; and III., the Equity series, either of which may be separately subscribed for. They will be issued in monthly parts, and will include copies of the statutes of each session relating to the law that are important to practitioners. A weekly publication, called *The Weekly Notes*, will be continued during the sitting of the courts. They will consist of short notes of the decisions in the several courts in each week, and will include points of practice. They are intended for information to the profession as to the current decisions, and not for citation as authority.

—To all persons of confirmed literary taste catalogues of books are pleasant reading, both from the facts that they convey and the associations suggested by the articles which they contain. Turning over some of the late lists of the London old-book sellers, it is amusing to note the curious articles on sale, and the money value of each, determined, of course, by the practical rule of supply and demand, and often with results seemingly incongruous if judged by any more refined standard. Thus, a relic that would be worthy of a place in the most select library—an edition of the Greek poet, Lycophron (Geneva, 1601), "rendered famous by having been once the property of the immortal Milton, who has inscribed on the fly-leaf, *Sum ex Libris, Jo Miltoni, 1634*, and has also added a considerable number of notes on the margin," is valued at the not immoderate sum of £52 10s. by its possessor, Mr. Ellis, of King Street, Covent Garden. The same enterprising dealer has a copy of the much-coveted "First Folio Shakespeare" (1623), apparently above all price, as none is mentioned. It is described as "one of the finest copies extant, not excepting that of Miss Burdett Coutts, which cost her £787, and in one respect the most desirable copy known, being the only one existing in old morocco binding of the commencement of the last century. It is preserved in a case made from the wood of Herne's oak, in Windsor Park, carved with the poet's arms and monogram." Another dealer offers a volume, "Gesneris Mithridates" (1555), "with two lines autograph and signature on the title, su. Ben Jonson, and remarkable passages underlined by the dramatist," for £3 13s. 6d., and a presentation copy of Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France" (1790), with the autograph inscription, "From the author, with great respect, to Miss Goring, E.B.," for £1 5s. Coming down to later times, we see in another catalogue a volume of original manuscripts of the late Thomas Hood, "a most interesting collection, entirely in the handwriting of the eminent poet and humorist, containing a variety of his published and unpublished writings, all in the finest preservation, mounted and inscribed with great care and nicety in a royal folio volume," valued at £26 5s., and a French work, "Costumes Françaises—Civiles, Militaires, et Religieuses," "formerly in the possession of



W. M. Thackeray, and containing original designs by him, presenting all the vivid life and character so peculiar to his pencil," estimated at £12 12s. These specimens are enough to prove that if relics of saints are at a discount, the current prices of relics of literature show no symptoms of a falling market.

—Mr. Frank Buckland, the worthy son of an eminent father, Dean Buckland, the great geologist, has in press a third series of his "Curiosities of Natural History," in two volumes post octavo, with illustrations, to be published by Mr. Bentley. Mr. Buckland's exertions for the promotion of pisciculture and the increased production of fish have won him the friendship of all lovers of the angle. It may interest many of them to know that he will shortly appear as editor of a new magazine to be called "Land and Water," dealing with the various sports of field and foam. With this magazine will be incorporated "The Fisherman," a monthly periodical conducted by Mr. Cholmondeley Pennel, so as to make it the organ of all devotees of the gentle sport.

### CHASTELARD.<sup>2</sup>

"CHASTELARD" is not destined, in our judgment, to add to the reputation of the author of "Atalanta in Calydon." It has been said—we know not on what authority—that it is an early production, which the author was encouraged to publish by the success of the latter work. On perusal, this rumor becomes easily credible. "Chastelard" bears many signs of immaturity. The subject, indeed, is one which a man might select at any age; but the treatment of it, as it seems to us, is that of a man still young. The subject is one of the numerous flirtations of Queen Mary of Scotland, which makes, like so many of the rest, a very good theme for a tragedy. A drama involving this remarkable woman has, by the fact of her presence alone, a strong chance of success. The play or the novel is half made by the simple use of her name. Her figure has been repeatedly used, and it is likely it will continue to be used for a long time to come; for it adapts itself to the most diverse modes of treatment. In poetry, after all, the great point is that the objects of our interest should be romantic, and from every possible point of view Queen Mary answers this requisite, whether we accept her as a very conscientious or as a very profligate woman; as a martyr or simply as a criminal. For the fact remains that she was supremely unhappy; and when to this fact we add the consideration that she was in person supremely lovely, that she embodied, if not all the virtues, at least all the charms, of her sex, we shall not be at loss to understand the ready application of her history to purposes of sentiment. And yet, whoever takes her in hand is held to a certain deliberate view of her character—the poet quite as much as the historian. Upon the historian, indeed, a certain conception is imposed by his strict responsibility to facts; but the poet, to whom a great license is usually allowed in the way of modifying facts, is free to take pretty much the view that pleases him best. We repeat, however, that upon some one conception he is bound to take his stand, and to occupy it to the last. Now, the immaturity of Mr. Swinburne's work lies, if we are not mistaken, in his failure to make very clear to himself what he thought about his heroine. That he had thought a great deal about her, we assuredly do not doubt; but he had failed to think to the purpose. He had apparently given up all his imagination to his subject; and, in so doing, had done well; but it seems to us that in this process his subject had the best of the bargain; it gave him very little in return.

Mr. Swinburne has printed at the beginning of his play a short passage from that credulous old voyager, Sir John Mandeville, wherein he speaks of a certain isle toward the north, peopled by beautiful and evil women with eyes of precious stones, which, when they behold any man, forthwith slay him with the beholding. The author's intention, then, has been to indicate a certain poetic analogy between these fatal syrens and his heroine. The idea is pretty; the reader makes the *rapprochement* and proceeds; but when, as he advances in his reading, it dawns upon him that it is upon this idea, as much as upon any other appreciable one, that the tragedy rests, he experiences a feeling of disappointment which, we are bound to say, accompanies him to the end. He recurs to the title-page and finds another epigraph, from Ronsard, which the author has very prettily translated in the body of the play;

"With coming lilies in late April came  
Her body, fashioned whiter for their shame;  
And roses, touched with blood since Adam bled,  
From her fair color filled their lips with red."

The reader's growing disappointment comes from his growing sense of the incompetency of any idea corresponding at all exclusively with these

poetic fancies to serve as the leading idea of the work. Out of this disappointment, indeed, there comes a certain quiet satisfaction; the satisfaction, namely, of witnessing the downfall of a structure reared on an unsound basis. Mr. Swinburne, following the fashion of the day, has endeavored throughout his work to substitute color for design. His failure is, to the reader's mind, an homage to truth. Let us assuredly not proscribe color; but let us first prepare something to receive it. A dramatic work without design is a monstrosity. We may rudely convey our impression of the radical weakness of "Chastelard" by saying that it has no backbone. The prose of the poetry just referred to—that salutary prose which, if we mistake not, intervenes between poetic thought and poetic expression—is that Mary was superlatively fascinating to the sense and superlatively heartless. To say, in poetry, that a woman slays a man with her jewelled eyes, is to mean in prose that she causes every man to love her passionately, and that she deceives every man who does love her. As a woman of this quality, if we fully disengage his idea, Mr. Swinburne accepts Queen Mary—in other words, as a coquette on the heroic scale. But we repeat that this idea, as he handles it, will not carry his play. His understanding of Mary's *moyens* begins and ends with his very lively appreciation of the graces of her body. It is very easy to believe that these were infinite; it was, indeed, in Mr. Swinburne's power to make us know absolutely that they were. It were an impertinence to remind him how Shakespeare makes us know such things. Shakespeare's word carries weight; he speaks with authority. The plot of Mr. Swinburne's play, if plot it may be called, is the history of the brief passion aroused by Mary in the breast of the French adventurer who gives his name to the work. He has followed her to Scotland and keeps himself under her eye; she encourages his devotion, but, meanwhile, marries Darnley. On the night of her marriage he makes his way into her presence, and she makes him half welcome. Thus discovered, however, in the *penetrabilia* of the palace, he is arrested and cast into prison. Death is the inevitable result of his presumption. Mary, however, by a bold exercise of her prerogative, pardons him and sends him an order of release, which, instead of using, he destroys. Mary then visits him just before his execution, and, in a scene which appears to us an equal compound of radical feebleness and superficial cleverness, finds him resolved to die. The reader assists at his death through the time-honored expedient of a spectator at a window describing the scene without to a faint-hearted companion within. The play ends with these pregnant lines:

"Make way there for the lord of Bothwell; room—  
Place for my lord of Bothwell next the Queen."

There is, moreover, a slight under-plot, resting upon the unrequited passion of Mary Beaton, the queen's woman, for Chastelard, and upon her suppressed jealousy of her mistress. There is assuredly in all this the stuff of a truly dramatic work; but as the case stands, it appears to us that the dramatic element is flagrantly missed. We can hardly doubt, indeed, that there was an intention in the faint and indefinite lines in which all the figures but that of the Queen are drawn. There is every reason to suppose that Mr. Swinburne had advisedly restricted himself to the complete and consistent exhibition of her character alone. Darnley, Murray, and the four Marys are merely the respective signs of a certain number of convenient speeches. Chastelard, too, is practically a forfeit, or, rather, he and Mary are but one. The only way, in our judgment, to force home upon the reader the requisite sense of Mary's magical personal influence was to initiate him thoroughly into its effects upon Chastelard's feelings. This, we repeat, Mr. Swinburne has not even attempted to do. Chastelard descants in twenty different passages of very florid and eloquent verse upon the intoxicating beauties of his mistress; but meanwhile the play stands still. Chastelard is ready to damn himself for Mary's love, and this fact, dramatically so great, makes shift to reflect itself in a dozen of those desperately descriptive speeches in which the poetry of the day delights. Chastelard is in love, the author may argue, and a lover is at best a highly imaginative rhapsodist. Nay, a lover is at the worst a man, and a man of many feelings. We should be very sorry to be understood as wishing to suppress such talk as Chastelard's. On the contrary, we should say—let him talk as much as he pleases, and let him deal out poetry by the handful, the more the better. But meanwhile let not the play languish, let not the story halt. As for Mary, towards whom the reader is to conceive Mr. Swinburne as having assumed serious responsibilities, we may safely say that he has left her untouched. He has consigned her neither to life nor to death. The light of her great name illumines his page, and here and there the imagination of the cultivated reader throbs responsive to an awakened echo of his own previous reading. If Mr. Swinburne has failed to vivify his persons, however, if he has failed to express his subject, he has at least done what the unsuccessful artist so often turns out to have done: he has in a very lively man-

\* "Chastelard. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

ner expressed himself. "Atalanta in Calydon" proved that he was a poet; his present work indicates that his poetic temperament is of a very vigorous order. It indicates, moreover, that it is comparatively easy to write energetic poetry, but that it is very difficult to write a good play.

### THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.\*

In furnishing these three fair and admirably wrought volumes as a biography of his kinsman, Mr. Wells has rendered a high service to truth, and has established claims too well-grounded ever to be questioned, in behalf of a man of the loftiest make and of the amplest usefulness to stand henceforward first on the roll of honor as the father of the American Revolution. We have not a single abatement on the score of criticism by which to reduce our gratitude to Mr. Wells for a grateful and needed public service. There can be no question that until Mr. Bancroft, even in his enthusiastic representation of the character and work of Samuel Adams keeping within the limits of sober truth, had informed readers of this generation what a conspicuous part he had so nobly performed, that wise patriot and high-souled man had failed of his just meed of fame. The felicity of Mr. Wells's opportunity, and equally so of the mode in which he has improved it, lies in this fact, that the means existed for securing late justice to Samuel Adams, without any ingenuity of special pleading, any contesting by argument or detraction of the claims and services of other men. There certainly is in the tone and reasoning of the biographer a spirit of assertion and vindication, but it is a most honest and manly spirit of standing for the truth of history. And his arguments are facts. They are presented with calm dignity and with a beautiful candor. He need fear no contestant. With the manifold and cumulative evidence left in the wreck of a once immense amount of original documents, he had in his hands, or was able to gather from a wide distribution among autograph collectors, the means for the most successful accomplishment of the task he had undertaken.

We confess, ourselves, that with such information as we had drawn from our common historical and biographical literature, we had not only failed to appreciate the character and services of Samuel Adams, but had almost taken up the shadow of a prejudice against him. True, one may quote from his contemporaries, as Mr. Wells has done, generous encomiums and specific tributes of homage and gratitude bestowed by them upon him. But some of these are qualified and balanced by drawbacks. His own kinsman, John Adams, has written in his diary and letters sentences of noble eulogy about him, and might even be regarded, on the strength of these utterances, if they stood alone, as asserting for the elder patriot the full pre-eminence which he will henceforward enjoy. But he, too, is sometimes unappreciative if not niggardly in his praise, and, from some unexplained cause of alienation, failed to sustain his wise and fostering friend when he was the victim of a temporary and not deserved unpopularity. As a general statement, it must now be affirmed that up to the publication of these volumes that elder patriot did not stand on the record, nor in the hearts of his living countrymen, as the chief representative and most able and devoted pioneer and agent of the cause of American independence. To that lofty honor he is entitled.

It suited the ends of the abettors and minions of arbitrary power in the interest of the British ministry, and, we are sorry to have to add, it favored the calculating and timid policy of some of Adams's colleagues in the first two Continental Congresses, to represent him as a scheming and self-seeking demagogue. His poverty, it was said, secured him from the risk of any personal sacrifice, and his rigid Puritanism was but the mask of an unscrupulous and hard hypocrisy.

The circumstances of the times, and the method by which Samuel Adams prepared and trained the minds of the people, particularly through caucuses, town-meetings, speeches, and a skilful use of his pen in newspapers, for slowly maturing results which he foresaw and they did not, made it very easy to affix upon him the character of a demagogue as his repute among strangers, especially for the ministerial party in England. And the character of a real demagogue is as odious to us now, in this republic, as it was then to the king and ministry. It has taken exactly a complete century to draw out the full difference for our apprehension between what Samuel Adams really was and what his enemies represented him as being. What New Englander of mature years but can call up before him the image of a village politician, a party manager, a lobby waiter, or a Congressional log-

roller filling out the fullest reality of the demagogue? To men in authority, especially with lucre, conceit, and patronage as its concomitants, Adams seemed to exhibit some of the phenomena of that hateful character, and their prejudices or fears supplied the rest. They knew of him as neglecting all thrifty business; as poor and, indeed, insolvent; as seeming even to neglect his family; and as always on hand as manager and adviser in mischievous machinations; as hanging round ship-yards, and loitering with mechanics, and forming clubs, and distributing inflammatory documents; and then appearing in a sham humility and unobtrusiveness on public occasions, as if to engage in an unprejudiced discussion of matters, a decision on which he had cunningly anticipated by a sly indoctrination of his tools and fellow-demagogues. So Adams seemed to Hutchinson—perhaps even to men better than Hutchinson, and certainly so to some who were much worse than he. Indeed, the wisest and shrewdest contemporary of the noble patriot would hardly have risked a wager upon the likelihood of his coming at last to a halter or to a bronze statue. It is not strange, when all the facts of the case are considered, that the shadow of the obloquy and the hate which the enemies of Adams so sneeringly vented against him during the ten years preceding the Declaration of Independence, should have, in a measure, clung to him ever since. He was always poor. He did neglect worldly thrift. He was sagacious and cautious and temporizing in a way to suggest the possibility of slyness. He could keep the secrets of two sets of enemies from each other, and so, on occasion, to those who did not know the rigor of his virtue, he was an object of their common-distrust.

We can but briefly and imperfectly sketch the real man, and we attempt it for the same reason for which we have written the preceding paragraphs, viz., to make our readers, especially young men, sharers in the tribute of gratitude which we owe to Mr. Wells for his laborious and almost faultless work, and, through the means afforded in its pages, sharers in the veneration regard due to its great subject.

Samuel Adams passed through his eminent and useful career with unsullied integrity, with unselfish devotion to others, incorruptible by bribes and flatteries, by which he might easily have won a fortune and a noble title. He was a Christian man of the highest type; devout, God-fearing, scrupulous, consistent; and softening down the Puritan style of his piety only to reduce the old rigidity and obtrusiveness and intolerance once associated with it, without abating from its penetrating thoroughness of sincerity in heart and life. He was simple in manners and mien, and frugal, as both necessity and principle induced him to be, in household economy. He was a most faithful and endeared father, husband, and friend. He was richly furnished with inward resources of conviction, patience, forbearance, self-mastery, and skill in reading and dealing with humanity. Often had he to draw on these resources for his own guidance and comfort alike amid friends and foes.

His lineage, like that of Franklin, was drawn through a parentage of the good old Massachusetts and Boston stock of thrifty but frugal households, of humble and self-supporting men and women. He was born in Boston September 16 (O. S.), 1722, and graduated at Harvard in 1740. On taking his master's degree, three years afterwards, he maintained the right of popular resistance to arbitrary rule, a thesis the practical demonstration of which was to be the endeavor and the full accomplishment of his life. Turning away from the study of law which he had begun, he entered his father's counting-room as his assistant. That father's business was brewing. Embarrassments of various kinds prevented that parent's success in trade, but he sustained an honored position in the community, and was one of the representatives of Boston in the General Court. The son was active in forming a political club and in the establishment of a newspaper for political discussion. The year of the Stamp Act, 1765, just a century ago, marks the commencement of his real work, for which all before had been wise and effective preparation. He was just at the right age at the crisis when a mind and character like his were needed to lay wisely and to conduct vigorously measures which looked far on into years for their full fruition, and required the most cautious and temperate dealing, lest the grand result to be aimed for should be perilled.

With a most practical insight into the tendency and the irresistible consummation of the measures instituted by the British ministry, through the counsels of Bernard and Hutchinson, to bring the Colonies under a thralldom to Parliament which would be undistinguishable from absolute servitude, he followed the progressive encroachments step by step, and educated his townsmen first, then the people of his own province, and, finally, the people of the twelve other provinces, to prepare for resistance. It was an irritating truth, which he expressed in homely terseness of phrase, that from the first date of their recognition as being in existence, "England had rather milked than suckled her American colonies." In none of our histori-

\* "The Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams. Being a Narrative of his Acts and Opinions, and of his Agency in producing and forwarding the American Revolution. With Extracts from his Correspondence, State Papers, and Political Essays. By William V. Wells." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865. 3 vols.



cal volumes so graphically as in these before us does the fatuity of the course pursued by the mother country present itself to the reader, and this effect is wrought by the progressive development of the controversy as pursued stage by stage in the admirably written papers of exposure, protest, and remonstrance by Samuel Adams. He appears to have been a diligent reader and an intelligent digester of the works on constitutional law which were then accessible. He rarely adorned his pieces with rhetorical art, but he always crowded them with sagacious and practical matter level to the comprehension of the common people.

The quality of the man is most strikingly displayed when we consider the sort of service to be done in his generation, the sort of influence to be exerted and extended over an ever-widening space of population and territory, and his marvellous adaptation to the emergency of time and work. Each of the most effective measures and plans, beginning ten years back from their culmination in the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, was initiated by him. He was the inventor and deviser of them all, without a single exception. The evidence of this exalted claim, as rightfully maintained for him, is spread over these volumes and presented with generous zeal and a cogent force by Mr. Wells. Looking back along the line through which the historical development advanced, we discern one by one the links of the chain of events; we see how patiently they were wrought, how thoroughly they were welded, how firmly they were united. With a calm and resolute self-possession and an absolute "mastery of the situation," did this noble and far-sighted patriot keep his gaze upon the future and do heroically and wisely the exacting duty of each passing hour. He deliberated cautiously over each step and effort. His moderation was never surprised into haste, or even into ardor, through impatience or heated zeal. In no single instance through the weary and intricate controversy can we find a token of rashness, or judge that he went too fast or too far. His shrewd maxim was, always to keep his opponents in the wrong. And from time to time, at intervals just long enough to apply the test of trial, he compelled them to confess that they had been wrong, either by their own retraction or by facing the mischievous results of their obstinacy. He educated his own fellow-citizens, and even many leading men over the whole country, to contemplate the inevitable necessity of war if they would avert subjugation. And he wrought this critical process without hurrying them or frightening them by his over-activity or by any passionate recklessness. He sought out young, earnest, enthusiastic, and yet trustworthy associates; he won their confidence, he engaged their co-operation, and he inspired and guided them. He guarded carefully against internal treachery, leaky confidants, and plausible compromisers. Modest and unobtrusive, indifferent to public honors, hating display, he always yielded the precedence to others whose aims were the same as his, and he allowed tributes and honors which were most fairly his own to be attached, without protest or challenge by himself, to less scrupulous claimants. He was indubitably the first man in America to foresee, and the first in the privacy of his own conviction to believe, that the issue would come to open war; and that if the people were faithful to themselves the opportunity would be offered to them of constituting themselves the most privileged and prospered nationality on this earth. But he kept this vision to himself till others reached his own point of view. The grand and exacting aim which tried his sagacity and in which his consummate genius fully triumphed, was to feel after till he found, and then with delicate care to strengthen, a bond of sympathetic union between the people of all the colonies, which, when they themselves recognized it, would bring them into co-operation, would combine them in resistance and harmonize their measures and plans. This delicate task was to be done among people previously divided by alienation and feuds, on which the British ministry largely relied to prevent the great accomplishment on which Samuel Adams had resolved. His large correspondence at home and abroad, of which we have but fragments, and his newspaper articles and the public documents from his brain and pen, are proud memorials of his unrivalled and single devotedness and of his successful championship of a triumphant cause.

We commend the volumes before us to our young men, and to their parents. They will pledge their readers to patriotism and virtue.

#### WHEELER'S DICTIONARY OF THE NOTED NAMES OF FICTION.\*

THE shadowy "beings of the mind" are by no means, indeed, the most unreal of things. In truth, in several respects they are the most real of all. They are certainly apt to be realized to the mental apprehension with a no

less vividness, intensity, and distinctness than belong to things in the world of fact. What does it matter to the inmates of the nursery whether or not Jack the Giant Killer ever had actual existence? And just so is it in after years with our Robinson Crusoe, our Hamlet and Macbeth, our Jeanie Deans and Captain Dalgetty. Then, as forces in the intellectual, moral, and social world, their potency and sway are not inferior. As regards durability and permanence, the products of the imagination have greatly the advantage. How often in these days are we called upon to abandon and wholly reverse our most firmly established and previously unquestioned ideas of historical personages and events? Our fondly cherished idols are rudely broken down or transformed to vileness, or some hideous monster in our previous estimation is presented for our reverent worship or loving embrace, unless, perchance, conflicting theories, equally well-supported, leave us nothing whatever to which we can hold.

The character and story of Henry VIII. may undergo the most surprising metamorphoses—changes so striking that we shall with difficulty know the new personage under the old name—but the Blue Beard of the nursery tale is quite beyond the reach of disturbing critics. Much more is it true that, in the realm of fiction, so-called, a thing of beauty is, literally, a joy for ever. Then, as giving the real truth of things in actual life, the characters in fiction which genius brings forth as types of distinctly marked classes, and as the presentment in strong relief of peculiar traits and phases of humanity, have a special value which does not always attach to historical personages, and especially to the imperfect and erroneous record of them which is all we can ever hope to have.

Now, we have long had what the Germans call *real-encyclopedias*, with dictionaries of biography, cyclopedias of agriculture, and what not; but Mr. Wheeler's is the very first attempt at a dictionary of fiction. The idea was a happy one, and what now strikes everybody with wonder is that it was never conceived and carried out before; but the wonder ceases in a good measure when we consider the difficulty of the task. It was a fortunate thing for the undertaking that it should fall into so good hands. Dictionary-making has been Mr. Wheeler's occupation for some years in connection with the works of Worcester and Webster; and his habits of diligence and thoroughness, with his good taste and scholarly culture and acquirements, have exceedingly well fitted him for this work of his own origination. But he has not labored in the execution of it without assistance. He has industriously sought and largely received contributions from literary friends, and from some whose pursuits eminently qualified them to render such assistance.

The vocabulary, of the same general description, included in the appendix to the late edition of "Webster's Dictionary," is the basis of this volume. This contains, however, nearly seventeen hundred new articles, and more than a thousand new and apt citations, besides the addition of certain peculiar features which materially enhance its value. The work is limited to proper names, but includes within its scope not merely the heroes of classical poetry and prose romance, but those which figure in the old legends and ballads as well as in the popular mythologies and superstitions. To hunt up these, as the author has done, and to give us what is to be ascertained of their origin, must have been no light labor. The book will be found, we think, on full trial to be more nearly complete in its comprehensiveness, and far nearer to perfect accuracy in detail, than could have been anticipated in regard to a first work of the kind.

Literature is full of allusions such as this book aims to explain, and of which the larger part are but half understood by ordinary readers, while the best-read and best-informed will often have occasion to welcome the assistance here offered. In fact, now it is furnished, the volume must be reckoned an indispensable hand-book for all who read at all. How often, indeed, do writers and speakers themselves employ a stereotyped allusion, as, for instance, to the purse of Fortunatus, without actually knowing what it means! And who can afford to stumble on year after year, hearing or reading such things with but a faint comprehension of their meaning and force, now that the means of accurate information are made ready to his hand? What was the "Minerva Press;" who "the veritable Jenkins;" who was "Old King Cole;" who were the "two Kings of Brentford;" who the "Cambuscan bold;" who and what the "Vicar of Bray?" What do we mean when we speak of ranting "in King Cambyse's vein;" of "out-doing Termagant," "out-heroding Herod," "dining with Duke Humphrey," and the like? Such allusions had once all the freshness and life of such as are now made to things rife and passing; but, as handed down, they inevitably get worn, faded, and comparatively empty, and sometimes are a *vox et prateria nihil*. If we keep them in use, we want the means of reviving as well as we can their freshness; at any rate, we want to understand those who used them in their original newness.

\* "An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction; including also familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames bestowed on Eminent Men, and analogous Popular Appellations often referred to in Literature and Conversation. By William A. Wheeler." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. 12mo, pp. xxviii, 410.

A very valuable feature of the work is that which concerns the orthoëpy of the names. The author has been at great pains to determine the proper pronunciation, and employs a scheme of notation well fitted for his purpose; he has also a few pages of explanations on some of the nicer points of English pronunciation, but more especially on peculiarities of languages foreign to the English; indeed, we know not where else is to be found so complete and succinct a view of the phonological peculiarities of the leading languages of Europe. Perfect agreement upon nice points in phonetics is a hopeless thing; but we think the manner in which this part of the work is done will give general satisfaction to intelligent phonetists; and it will not be deemed a superfluity by any who value accuracy in pronunciation. Even those who will not care to employ the Spanish pronunciation of Don Quixote or Don Juan will like to be informed what it is; and for those foreign words which no well-bred person would ever think of uttering in any other than their proper national fashions, the author's guidance may be safely followed. His long familiarity with this subject, and his habit of doing nothing by halves, have made him very thorough in this matter.

We must not pass without mention the supplementary index of real names with pseudonyms attached, nor omit the word of especial commendation which the book deserves as a rare specimen of accurate typography.

#### POEMS BY DAVID GRAY.\*

SINCE Lord Houghton published the "Life and Letters of John Keats," and revealed the ardent growth of that young poet's genius in all its pathos and sorrow, a peculiar tenderness has been felt toward all young aspirants for literary fame, and the result is that many men have printed verses who had only poetic feeling, which they mistook for poetic power. They were ambitious young men who struggled up from narrow circumstances with the brave purpose of making the world listen to them. Such was Ebenezer Elliott, the corn-law rhymers; such are Alexander Smith, Philip James Bailey, and Sydney Dobell; and such was David Gray. The essential characteristic of these men is always a strongly subjective and undisciplined power. But though feeling is a prime condition in a poet, and the highest poetry will reveal clearly the poet's soul (as Wordsworth's, for example), there is far more than this necessary to the making of a Tennyson or a Browning. It requires much discipline in the merely-mechanical work of verse-making, a wide range of general knowledge, accurate observation of nature, something of Shakespeare's insight into men, and, finally, the conscious reticence of power, to make a great poet; and when judged by any such standard, all these poets fall miserably below it.

In David Gray's case it may be cruel to apply the scalpel, but, after reading this volume through carefully, we can assign it almost no place in poetical literature. His poetry has all the faults of what has been aptly called the spasmodic school. "The Luggie," his longest poem, celebrates the beauties of the little stream by which he lived and died, but it had no adequate revision, and many of its lines halt in measure or are disfigured by words which convey more sound than sense and are not poetical. Such are "dilucid air," "being undeflowered," "the saponaceous loam," "fair delap-sion," and "the sarcenent mists." Then, further, there is nothing completed. We have looked through "The Luggie" in vain for a single picture, such as you often find in Keats and Shelley, which we could quote. There are none. He labors and strains for language, as Keats sometimes does, and this makes the poetry harsh and unmusical. This poem is in the vein of Thomson's "Seasons," and what Gray wrote, "When I read Thomson I despair," is precisely our feeling on comparing the two poets. We despair of Gray. His "Luggie" is not nearly so good poetry as the "New England Seasons," which Percival wrote at sixteen and which his friends have thought not worth publishing.

The other poems in the volume are a series of sonnets, "In the Shadows," which are chiefly personal, written when disease lay heavy upon him, "Poems Named and Without Names," and "Miscellaneous Sonnets;" but their only value is their promise. He writes most naturally about the simple pleasures and associations of his childhood, as in "The Luggie," though the sonnets show greater accuracy in versification and more poetic power.

But the story of his life as the record of manly endeavor has far more value than his poetry. He was born on the 29th of January, 1838, on the banks of the Luggie, about eight miles distant from the city of Glasgow, the son of a Scotch hand-loom weaver. He was a self-educated lad, and was intended for the ministry in the Free Church of Scotland. Early in life he found delight in poetry, and "devoured the poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson." These awakened in him a poetical ambition, which first shone out in

the Glasgow Citizen, a paper which was the first to herald that late Scotch luminary, Alexander Smith. Then he took fresh courage and ventured a literary life in London, where he met with kind favor at the hands of Lord Houghton, but was soon stricken down by incipient consumption, and died a year later, December 3, 1861, at his home in Merkland, the day following his sight of a specimen-sheet of his Luggie. He passed away tranquilly, almost his last words being, "God has love and I have faith." It is the story of his struggle to be heard—from his quiet cottage home up through London mendicancy to the recognition by literary men—pathetic and tragic, that imparts interest and value to the book. Few young men ever had kinder words spoken of them after death than David Gray. First, there is a carefully written introductory notice by Lord Houghton; next, a memoir by James Hedderwick, himself one of the minor Scottish poets; and, lastly, final memorials, charmingly written by Robert Buchanan, whose "Poet Andrew," in the "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn," is the poetical rendering of young Gray's life. These two were sworn friends, but Buchanan has the brighter genius and promises much for Scotch poetry. In closing this notice we think instinctively of the late George Arnold, a poet of much higher rank than Gray, but who was stricken down, like him, in all his young promise. Aside from the poetical value of this book, which is so slight, it would be well if the legion of young literary aspirants about us would read both the memoirs and the poems. They would learn that there are higher things in life than the writing of poetry or posthumous fame; and the sad story of Gray's life would cure many of scribbling verses.

#### TWO BOOKS TOO MANY.\*

MR. CALVERT won a little note, some years ago, by his essay on "The Gentleman," which is now reprinted in a third edition, and the fact that he did win this note by so slight an effort is an encouraging proof that it is exceedingly easy to achieve renown in this country. We seem to have, as a generation, a great kindness for the essayists, and we do singular reverence to the bent brows of meditation. If the reader will recall the names of those writers on whom we have bestowed a few months' immortality during the last five or six years, he will be surprised to find how great a number of them are the authors of essays, or reflections, or kindred productions, blending moral instruction with milky criticism and watery speculation. Whether modern conditions are not favorable to creative efforts in literature, or whether we really like speculation best, we do not know, but it is certain that we are all given frightfully to comment.

Mr. Calvert's book is no worse than many others of its kind, except that it is very turgid and boyish, at times, in style. One comes upon such words as *teemful*, and *upstretching*, and *pre-resolved*, in English ambitions, certainly, but not otherwise very bad. The great fault of the book is, however, the generic fault of the class of literature to which it belongs. In some hundred and fifty pages of disquisition one learns nothing original or new concerning gentlemen. Does it surprise us to be told that gentlemanliness, in the good sense, is, with rare exceptions, a Christian virtue? We know very well that gentlemen are not rapacious, nor ostentatious, nor ungenerous, nor sensual, nor cruel, nor, in fine, vulgar; and we know that Lord Chesterfield's theories of politeness are not those of a gentleman. We know that Don Quixote, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Socrates were gentlemen, and that Bayard was as much a gentleman as a Frenchman of his time could be. Mr. Calvert has very little else to tell us, though he says these things in a vastly greater number of words. His scenes are old, his instances not modern, and there is such labor visible in the application of his anecdotes and axioms as discourages the reader from ever thinking on the subject himself. One of the concluding passages of the book is the following, from which much of the manner and material of the book may be known:

"Every gentleman will not always be above selfishness, and, from their aggregate qualifications, men may bear unchallenged the choice appellation, who will at times use their opportunities for their own advantage. But a gentleman will be negatively rather than positively selfish. He may dine oftener than one with disinterested digestion would on capon and Burgundy; but he will not rob a hen-roost."

"The Gentleman," for the reasons given, seems to us a superfluous book; but as for Mr. Calvert's volume of poems, it is worse than useless, for bad verse is one of the worst things in the world. We may forgive a man for an idle essay, but human nature resents a poetic failure as an aggression. We shall not, however, have any criticisms to make on Mr. Calvert's book of poems, but shall suffer it to pronounce its own condemnation. It contains, first, a number of lyrics in celebration of a child called "Anyta," then brief poems

\* "Poems by David Gray. With Memoirs of his Life." 16mo, pp. 229. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1865.

\* "Anyta and Other Poems. By George H. Calvert." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co.; New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.  
\* "The Gentleman. By George H. Calvert." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co.; New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.



on miscellaneous subjects, and then a series of sonnets addressed to the great men of all ages. "Anyta" is metaphysical and rhapsodical, and each thought or feeling is supposed to complete itself in a single impulse of song, as in "In Memoriam."

"Mysterious child!  
In thee uplilled  
Are treasures of love and beauty,"

cries the poet to the being of his song. She is "lusty Freedom's brave child," and her "dear motions all swing to a rhythm such as angel-ears quaff." She is "a myth entrapped in flesh from its antique cloudy land, delighting in the sudden mesh spun by beauty's lightsome hand." On summer days her face has "a pensive opal blaze," and she is told:

"The Sun his children doth embrace,  
In flame his arm they feel:  
Through love it is he rolls through space  
Each ordered orbit's wheel.

"From several suns the fervor warms  
Thy new concave path.  
And burns with love the hydra-harms  
That multiply with wrath.

"But not a beam from us outstars  
To beck thee on thy way,  
But it returns upon our hearts  
To bless us with its day,—

"A day elate with love's own light,  
Illumination pure—  
A spark seraphic, kindled white  
By inward sufflation."

The miscellaneous poems are as strange in their way as "Anyta." If any one but Mr. Calvert had written the following, would he not have been supposed to be joking?

"From sleepless nature, myriad-faced,  
Uplimmers such a sea of eyes  
My brain, with sibyl-lights belaced,  
Illumined wills it will be wise.

"And thought is chafed by orphic hints,  
The common glistens weird and strange,  
And melt the firmest forms and tints  
In mystic sequences of change.

"And all about are sights and sounds  
That suckle rapture, since began  
Creation's radiant rhythmic rounds  
Through rose and beetle up to man."

About all this we have nothing to say, except that we have not chosen the worst nor the best things out of Mr. Calvert's poems.

*The North American Review*. January, 1866. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields.)—Those who note the absence of a leading literary article from this number of "The North American," cannot fail at the same time to be struck by the variety of other topics discussed. The first paper is on "The Conditions of Art in America," and the reviewer argues that we have not yet great art because feeling has been wanting in the people, knowledge in the critics, and study in the painters. Alluding to the many-sided character of genius, he thinks it probable that many an American who could have been a painter or sculptor, like Da Vinci or Buonarrotti, has become an inventor, because there has been more demand for machinery than for art. He demands that critics should educate themselves to know good from bad in art, after which it will scarcely be possible for them to mislead the public; that artists themselves should be their own severest critics. He pronounces Church's "Niagara" and Ward's "Freedman" good art, as compared with "The Heart of the Andes," "The Rocky Mountains," "The Greek Slave," and "The Indian Girl," which are only clever. The writer on "Secession and Reconstruction" advocates as means of perfect reunion permission for the South to protect its manufactures until it shall be able to compete with the North, together with the extension of suffrage to the negroes. "Alone neither can be sufficient; together, the successful result is by no means certain, but it may be hoped for." Another writer, on the "Courts of Conciliation" which exist in France and Denmark, advocates the introduction of some such means of arbitration (in which equity is the principle consulted, and from which lawyers and their agents are absolutely banished) for the decision of disputes to which the Southern freedmen are parties. A third article (that on the President's message), dealing with kindred matters, does justice to the President's liberal views and good intentions, but advises a very cautious and gradual return to civil authority in the late rebellious States, where the writer sees no cordial disposition to return to the support of the Government or to deal fairly with the freedmen. At the same time, the writer does not fail to lament that the vote of Connecticut and Wisconsin in regard to negro suffrage should have been such as to weaken the President's confidence in the Northern sense of justice, and to confirm him in his reluctance to give the men lately slaves all the rights of freemen. "Our Financial Future" is a paper of very great value, written in so light and easy a spirit as to make the rather dry topic very attractive. The reviewer advocates direct taxation as the best and speediest means of paying off the national debt. We presume the article on "Henry Clay" is by Mr. Parton, whose contributions to the "Review" do equal credit to that periodical and their author. We do not remember to have read anything from Mr. Parton's pen so good as this article, in which much that is worth knowing about Henry Clay is rescued from panegyric,

and made criticism and history. Mr. Parton, always vigorous and earnest, seems at last to have survived the faults that blemished his earlier books, and we do not well know how the present paper could be written in better English or better spirit. Mr. Sanborn's comprehensive and lucid paper on "The Present State of the Prison Discipline System" favors the adoption of the Irish system, with the workings of which the writer has made himself thoroughly acquainted. There is a very lively little paper on "Children's Books of the Year," another on "Hours of Labor," and an article by Mr. Howells on "Ducal Mantua." The last is a pleasant historical sketch of Mantua nominally since the downfall of the Roman Empire, but is mainly devoted to Mantua under the Gonzagas. One is not often led as pleasantly through a long succession of rulers, of whom it might fairly be said that each one was worse than the other. Their vices and crimes, however, have all those charms of picturesqueness in which Italian vice and crime are never wanting. Mr. Howells has made out of their chronicles a very entertaining chapter in Italian history—all the more so for opening up a field with which but few readers are familiar. Public attention has for so many generations been concentrated on the story of the Popes and the republics that little is known of the petty principedoms, and yet the history of Mantua is but the history in miniature of any European kingdom during and after the Middle Ages. One rises from the perusal of Mr. Howells's narrative with the question on one's lips—which he does not answer—how, out of so small a population, the dukes got the money to pay the expenses of such jolly lives. The critical notices, though full and varied enough, do not equal those of former numbers in vivacity.

*Cotton-Stealing. A Novel.* (Chicago: Walsh & Co.)—The effects in this fiction are of vastly greater number than the causes; and, indeed, seem rarely to flow from such causes as are developed. When you have read the book through, you are aware of a great deal of action to a purpose which seems indifferently served by it. Federal army gentlemen do much in the prohibited cotton traffic during the war, and seem to accomplish nothing—not even their own disgrace; while a secession hero and heroine form a hideous compact to sell the enemy of the South all the cotton they can, and the heroine further pledges herself even to marry a Yankee, as a final blow at the North. She keeps this pledge, with no particular result that the author makes known. All the time, however, this Lettie Ledone is in love, to madness, with Kendal La Scheme, the villain-hero of the book, who turns her love and the love of other unhappy females to the account of the South, and marries nobody, though there is no reason suggested why he should not have married them all, as far as the South is concerned. Plot there is none, properly speaking, though there is intriguing without end; and there is little giving in marriage, though there is much love-making. The tender scenes between La Scheme and Lettie are, of course, sadly mixed up with bloodshed and politics. "Lettie!" said he. Her reply was a child's action. In love to him, her woman's heart was as a child's heart and nestled in its faith in him. He rested his cheek on hers, and asked, "Darling! what is the matter?" "They told me Generals Van Dorn and Price were to attack Rosecrans at Corinth to-day. I believed we would wipe them out; but my heart does not feel victory, and you were not here." Naturally, this gentle being signs the compact of cotton, matrimony, and vengeance to the North in her own blood; and she is quite as willing to shed the blood of others for the Confederacy. She has a horse which she loves above anything on earth, except La Scheme; but she kills this horse at Memphis, in order to stuff the cavity, left by disembowelling it, with bottles of quinine and percussion caps, and then have the carcass conveyed out of the federal lines for burial (so reads the order which Lettie wheedles out of the commanding officer), where the Confederates easily find it. In fine, she is a far deadlier female than any other fire-eater of her sex concerning whom we remember to have read.

It is a pity that an author who is not without literary power, and who has evidently made some observation of character and manners in the South-west, should have wasted himself and his material in such a book as this. If he is a young man, he may outlive it, for few people will read it; and he may yet write something better. If he is of mature age, we have no hope for him, and can only offer him the assurance of a profound compassion.

*The Late English Poets.* Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. (New York: Bunce and Huntington. 1865.)—Though a book requiring far less research than the "Melodies and Madrigals" of Mr. Stoddard, which THE NATION had occasion to praise so cordially some weeks ago, the present compilation is marked by the same good taste and judgment in selection and proportion. The editor's object was to offer us acquaintance with the best poems of the more recent English poets, devoting his space rather to those whose reputation does not yet equal their merit, and taking it for granted that no intelligent reader would care to have poems of Tennyson or the Brownings repeated in his volume. Except in the case of Mr. Swinburne, he has given entire poems, and we have no fault to find with his choice of poems from any writer. There are twenty-eight poets represented, whose works, in many cases, have not been reprinted in this country, or whose fame in other cases has not passed the critical circles. Many appreciative readers of poetry will here learn to know, for the first time, the excellence of the two Arnolds, Matthew and Edwin, of Charles Turner, and Frederick Tennyson, while they will be glad to be made more familiar with others whom one or two poems have already endeared to the popular mind. Mr. Stoddard's selections are made with the instinct of a poet, and we are glad that he does not hesitate to quote a very long poem (like Kingsley's "Andromeda") where it happens to be the poet's best.

*Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel, and Aspiration.* Selected by F. J. Child. (New York: Hard & Houghton. 1866.)—We confess that we like the quaint elaboration of this title, and we have to express no sense of disappointment in looking through the volume, for we find there not only piety but poetry. Positively, there is nothing from Dr. Watts in the book,

while there is in it whatever is best in the religious feeling of the poets, who are far better comforters and counsellors than the hymn-makers. It is a book for thoughtful people of devotional sentiment, who care rather to be consoled and elevated than instructed in theology, and therefore it gives much from Milton, from Wordsworth, from Tennyson, from the Brownings, from Whittier, from Longfellow. Neither are minor poets, who have once given expression to a thoughtful sense of devotion, neglected; while the awe and the sweetness of the spirit of early Christianity find utterance in the noblest of the old Latin hymns. There are three German poems, from Luther, Klopstock, and Von Canitz—and, of course, Petrarch's "I'vo piangendo i miei passati tempi" finds a place. The rest of the poems are English, and, in very great number, modern. Indeed, the sincere spirit of modern literary art is eminently favorable to the expression of religious feeling, and many of the loftiest and loveliest psalms are by poets of our own day. The nature of the collection may surprise some persons who

—"Judge the Lord with feeble sense,"

doubting if He loves good poetry well enough to inspire it; but whoever takes up the book with an enlightened idea of the prophetic office of poetry, will find the best sentiments of religion interpreted to him in words of excellent beauty.

*Every Saturday: A Journal of Choice Reading, Selected from Foreign Current Literature.* (Boston: Ticknor & Fields.)—The title of this periodical leaves little for criticism to say concerning it, for it is scarcely desirable to speak critically of matter which is taken out of English magazines and newspapers and appears here at second-hand. The sole original virtue which publications of this class can have is one of judicious selection, and *Every Saturday* will increase in this virtue, we hope, as it grows older. We observe a wish to give variety in the topics chosen, and a due acknowledgment is prominently made to the sources from which they are drawn. But as for the articles themselves, we do not find them first-rate, and, indeed, they are of the flavor of too much literature printed for the first time in our magazines—a kind of literature which is produced apparently for the perusal only of the class which writes it, which is to say, the young ladies. *Every Saturday* is of the size and general presence of *Once a Week*. The design of the title-page is rather cheap and poor.

*The Pilgrim's Progress.* By John Bunyan. (Sever & Francis, Cambridge.)—The merits of this edition, which first appeared in 1864, are its convenient form, clear typography, and richness of paper and binding. Its only defect consists in retaining two or three very inferior wood-cuts, which not even the University Press can make respectable or in place. They occupy separate leaves, and might easily be omitted.

*Picciola.* By X. B. Saintine. (Hurd & Houghton, New York; E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston.)—One of the series of the "Riverside Classics," and in all respects commendable. The illustrations are by Leopold Flameng, and have many good features.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE GOOD GRAY POET. A Vindication. Bance & Huntington, New York.
- HANS BRINKER; OR, THE SILVER SKATES. A Story of Life in Holland. By M. E. Dodge. James O'Kane, New York.
- ILLUSTRATED LIFE, CAMPAIGNS, AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF PHILIP H. SHERIDAN. By C. W. Denison.—ROANOKE; OR, "WHERE IS UTOPIA?" By C. H. Wiley. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. (Frederic A. Brady, New York.)
- HARPER'S WEEKLY FOR 1865. Vol. IX. Harper & Brothers, New York.
- THE MYRIAPODA OF NORTH AMERICA. By Horatio C. Wood, Jr., M.D. Sherman & Co., Philadelphia.
- BALLADS AND TRANSLATIONS. By Constantina E. Brooks. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
- MR. DUNN BROWN'S EXPERIENCES IN THE ARMY.—THE PHENOMENA OF PLANT LIFE. By Leo H. Grindon. Nichols & Noyes, Boston. (James Miller, New York.)
- ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Arthur Latham Perry. Charles Scribner & Co., New York.
- THOMAS A BECKET, A TRAGEDY, AND OTHER POEMS. By G. H. Hollister. William V. Spencer, Boston.
- HERMANN, OR YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD. By E. Foixton. Lee & Shepard, Boston.
- THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ANDREW JOHNSON. By John Savage. Derby & Miller, New York.

## Science.

### SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE grant of public lands made by Congress to the several States for the purpose of promoting instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts, is beginning to bear fruit in the establishment of agricultural colleges and schools. In seeking the wisest methods of spending the money thus appropriated by Congress, the trustees or governors of such institutions would do well to observe the progress of German opinion in this matter of agricultural education. The schools first established in Germany, like that of Hohenheim, near Stuttgart, and that of Tharandt, near Dresden, were isolated institutions, placed at a distance from any university or polytechnic school, and supposed to be in themselves complete, well equipped, and well balanced. A: they proposed to teach not only the general principles of the sciences

which underlie the practice of agriculture, but also the practical details of the farmer's or forester's business, the schools owned large farms and forests, which were managed by the directors or by professors of the schools, and were intended to keep before the students a practical example of the judicious management of a great estate. The experience of the last fifty years has developed three strong objections to the schools thus constituted: First, their collections, laboratories, cabinets of apparatus, libraries, and other means and appliances of instruction have been necessarily inferior to those of the richer universities and polytechnic schools; secondly, they can, as a rule, command the services only of second-rate teachers, partly because the salaries are necessarily low, and partly because the isolated position of these schools is distasteful to most scientific men; thirdly, it has generally been impossible to find the very different qualities of a practical teacher and a practical farmer united in the same person. And yet, unless the director at Hohenheim possesses both these different capacities, either the teaching or the farm must suffer. We need not believe the whole of Liebig's accusation when he bitterly says that the teaching at Hohenheim has been false and the conduct of the estate ruinous, and that, in general, it would have been better if there had been no teaching of agriculture at all in Germany for the last fifty years; but it will be wise to be warned in time against these two serious mistakes from which the German schools have so much suffered—first, isolation; second, the owning of a great farm. While the isolated schools are languishing in Germany, other and better institutions are rising to replace them. In 1863 the University of Halle established an agricultural department, under the charge of Dr. Kühn, bearing to the university exactly the same relation as the department of medicine or of pharmacy. In 1864 this new department had as many students as the old and famous school at Hohenheim. In the year just closed, the University of Leipzig has established a chair of agriculture, to be filled by Prof. Knop, long in charge of the old agricultural station at Möckern, and the admirable polytechnic school at Carlsruhe has added a department of agriculture to its mathematical, engineering, chemical, and commercial departments. These new establishments possess only a few small fields for purposes of experiment, and it is distinctly understood that their students are to obtain their instruction in practical farming on private estates, and, if possible, before they come to the schools. The reasons for this change of policy are sufficiently clear. The general principles of physics, chemistry, and natural history are the same, whether they are to be applied to agriculture, pharmacy, or manufactures, only the special subsequent application will vary. When a strong university or technical school adds to its ordinary corps of instructors two or three special professors of agricultural subjects, and places at the disposal of the student of agriculture all its other resources and appliances, it is altogether probable that better special instruction will be thus offered to the student, with a much more liberal general culture, than can possibly be obtained at an isolated and comparatively feeble special school. Hence the sudden success of the new class of agricultural schools in Germany. A just economy of the resources placed by Congress within the control of the several States will suggest a seasonable consideration of German experience in the organization of agricultural instruction.

—A cheap mode of preparing carbonic acid is of importance, because of the many useful applications now made of this gas. A manufacturer of soda-water at Paris, M. Orouf, has recently perfected a method of preparing carbonic acid, which seems very simple and economical, and at the same time presents points of scientific interest. The gaseous products resulting from the complete combustion of coke, after having first been forced through water in order to cleanse and cool them, are made to pass through a solution of carbonate of soda. This solution retains the carbonic acid, and bicarbonate of soda is formed, while the nitrogen of the gaseous mixture escapes into the air. After all the carbonate of soda has been converted into bicarbonate, the flow of gas from the fire is stopped, and the liquor is heated by a current of free steam. At the temperature of boiling water bicarbonate of soda is decomposed. Hence, all the carbonic acid which had previously been absorbed is now evolved as gas, and there is left behind nothing but the original solution of mon carbonate of soda, which may immediately be used over again in the same round. The carbonic acid thus obtained is said to be chemically pure, though charged with vapor of water, which can be readily separated by condensation. The single portion of carbonate of soda with which the operation was started may be used over and over again indefinitely, since none of it is consumed or in any way altered.

—At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Sir David Brewster exhibited a piece of amber from the kingdom of Ava weighing about two pounds and a half. The specimen is remarkable in that it is intersected in various directions by thin veins of a crystallized mineral sub



stance. These veins are in some parts of the mass as thin as a sheet of paper, and in other parts about the twentieth of an inch thick. An examination of a portion of the thickest vein has proved the mineral to be carbonate of lime. Pieces of amber of two or three pounds weight are rare. A specimen weighing one pound is valued in Prussia at fifty dollars. The largest piece yet found is in the Royal Museum at Berlin; it weighs eighteen pounds, and is said to be worth upwards of seven thousand dollars.

—A fatal accident lately reported in Massachusetts, under circumstances which at first admitted of a doubt whether death had been caused by the breathing of coal-gas from a stove without draught, or by other poison intentionally taken, brings to mind the recent researches of Hoppe-Seyler on poisoning by carbonic oxide. By an ingenious application of spectral analysis he detects the presence of carbonic acid in the blood. Blood which has dissolved this exceedingly poisonous gas gives the same lines in the spectrum as normal arterial blood. If sulphide of ammonium be added to normal blood, the mixture gives an altered spectrum, with only a single line placed between the common lines named D and E, whereas the like addition of sulphide of ammonium to blood poisoned by carbonic oxide produces no change at all in the lines of the spectrum. Before being submitted to analysis, the blood must in all cases be largely diluted with water. The poisoned blood can retain the oxide of carbon for several days, but the examination should, nevertheless, be undertaken without unnecessary delay.

—Statistics of the quantity and quality of soldiers' food have a scientific interest, because they present the results of a long experience in feeding adult men so as to keep them in full health and strength. In England fixed rations of three-quarters of a pound of meat and one pound of bread are issued to the soldiers, and the rest of their food is procured from their own pay. According to Dr. Lyon Playfair, the average diet of soldiers in peace and war may be stated as follows, in ounces and tenths of an ounce:

	In Peace.	In War.
Flesh-formers.	4.2	5.4
Heat-givers { Fat,	1.8	2.4
{ Starch, etc.,	18.7	17.9
Starch, equivalent of heat-givers,	23.1	23.5
Total amount of carbon	12.0	12.7

The peace diet above given was obtained by examining the statistics of food issued to the English, French, Prussian, and Austrian armies, while the war diet included, in addition to these, the Russian, Dutch, United States, and so-called Confederate States armies. Great Britain is the only country which does not possess a special war diet, and the want of it was one of the causes of the frightful mortality of the Crimea. During the latter part of the Russian war, the rations of the English soldiers were increased; but the diet of the English army when engaged in the arduous work of war is, according to Dr. Playfair, unworthy of the country—twenty years behind the actual state of science and a hundred years behind the practice of other nations. To ascertain what well-paid soldiers, engaged in occupations which would represent moderate war work, found it necessary to eat, Dr. Playfair obtained returns from the garrison of sappers and miners at Chatham. This garrison is composed of men versed in trades at which they work when not employed on fortifications or in the field. The exact food consumed by four hundred and ninety-five men during twelve consecutive days was carefully weighed, and the results were expressed as follows in ounces and tenths of an ounce:

Flesh-formers,	5.1
Heat-givers, { Fat,	2.9
{ Starch, etc.,	22.2
Starch, equivalent of heat-givers,	29.4
Total amount of carbon,	14.8

It will be seen that this dietary resembles much the war dietary, except that the starch and, consequently, the carbon is increased, because of the large use of potatoes in garrison. Dr. Playfair concludes that a war diet should supply at least five and a half ounces of flesh-formers in the food. He estimates that this quantity is necessary to enable men to march fourteen miles daily, carrying sixty pounds weight, without being obliged to consume their own tissues in obtaining the necessary force.

—In a series of experiments which were published some months since, the French chemist Pelouze had shown that the yellow color which can be brought out in glass by the addition of carbon, phosphorus, boron, silicon, hydrogen, or aluminum is due to the action of these bodies on a compound of sulphur which is always to be found in the glass of commerce. He found that glass made of materials entirely free from sulphur remained perfectly colorless on being subjected to the influence of the several substances above enumerated. That sulphur really produces such a yellow coloration may

be shown directly by coloring glass, either pure or impure, with sulphur or a sulphide. There now remained a curious point to be decided, viz., whether selenium, which is so closely analogous to sulphur, would also color glass. It is upon this point that M. Pelouze has recently contributed a note to the French Academy. By adding selenium to ordinary window-glass he obtained a perfectly transparent product of a fine reddish-orange color which recalled the color of certain varieties of topaz. Though the proportions of selenium were varied between one and three per cent, the color obtained was always of the same shade and degree of intensity.

—In the collection of Japanese objects at the Dublin Exhibition were some very curious illustrated treatises on physics, zoology, botany, and anatomy. The letter-press of these was not particularly intelligible to European visitors, but the illustrations are spoken of as excellent, and indicative of advanced knowledge in the several subjects to which they relate. The cuts representing bandaging, amputation, the use of the lancet, and so forth, are said to have been almost precisely similar to those which would be found in a European work on surgery, and many of the plates on osteology and natural history were equally good.

—Dr. Druitt, of London, calls attention to the use of hot water as a remedy for profuse perspiration. If a part of the body which is perspiring be bathed with water as hot as can be borne without pain till it becomes decidedly hot and red, the skin will become dry and will continue so for some time. The water may be used by sponging or by immersion. This use of very hot water is recommended to persons who perspire to a distressing degree in hot weather, or who are annoyed by a disagreeable perspiration of some particular part, as the arm-pits, hands, or feet. Even the night-sweat, which is so distressing a symptom in certain diseases or enfeebled conditions, may often be checked or lessened by the judicious use of this simple remedy. The method is suggested not, of course, as a cure for disease, but as an easy mode of relieving unpleasant symptoms.

## Fine Arts.

### MUSIC.

#### MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

CONCERTS have been plentiful the past week. Miss Parepa finished her series of three, and gave an extra one on Thursday. Both programme and performance on Tuesday were very fine. The orchestra played the overture to "Melusine" and one of the "Fidelio" overtures, besides a very singular but not beautiful piece by A. von Kotsky, called "The Awakening of the Lion." It was remarkable chiefly for the drum part. Mr. Mills played his "Fantasia from Faust," and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise." The gem of the evening, however, was Mr. Rosa's rendering of Schumann's "Abendlied" and of two little pieces by F. David. His tones were clear and full of soul, and his execution beautiful. He is the artist of the company. Miss Parepa was not so fatigued, and was therefore in better voice than at the previous concerts. She sang "En vain j'espère, Robert," with almost dramatic fervor, and "Voi che sapete," from "Le Nozze di Figaro," magnificently. In Ganz's *bravura* piece, "Sing, Birdie, sing," she displayed again her remarkable management of her voice, but she made no more impression on the feelings than she did before. If music is a language that is spoken by one heart to another, Miss Parepa is not eloquent. We feel like applying to her what an eminent father of the church said about the dialectics of the sophists: "She plays about the heart—*circum prae cordia ludit*—without ever penetrating it."

On Wednesday evening the company of Messrs. Juignet and Drivet gave one representation of the *opéra-comique*. This was a mere tentative effort, and as such was very unhappy, and to be regretted. We have no doubt that when the new theatre on Fourteenth Street is completed, if a well-selected company is brought here, the *opéra-comique* will flourish. It will not interfere with the Italian opera, but there is a large class of people who will enjoy it more; and if the operas are mounted with the care that French directors and French taste require, there will be a great benefit to the public taste. But the other night the house was much too large for the voices; the singers, with one exception, were very poor; and no pains were taken in the arrangement of the stage. The pieces chosen for the performance were two of the best of the modern French comic opera—"L'Eclair," by Halévy, and "Les Noces de Jeannette," by Victor Massé. "L'Eclair" was produced in 1835, about six months after the performance of "La Juive." It was received with enthusiasm, and gained for its author the cross of the Legion of Honor. It is a little singular that the two works of that year are better than any of those that preceded or followed.

It would have been better if something else, some one-act opera, had been substituted in the place of "L'Eclair" by the directors; for the three acts were shortened to two in a very unsatisfactory manner, and Madame de Lussan replaced Mlle. Ayost at the last moment. It is but fair to say that she did well, considering the limited time she had to prepare herself for her part. M. Genty, who took the part of *George*, made a very bad impression, but he also was improvised, and does not pretend to be a singer. From M. Armand we hoped much more. He is awkward, and sings in a hurry, as though he were reciting and were anxious to get through his lesson. His accent is provincial, and his gestures very ungraceful. His voice was apparently good, and some notes were very sweet. We hope that he has some parts in which he will do better than in *Lionel*. He evidently has capacities, and with careful study and attention to his manner and acting, he may be listened to with pleasure when he appears here next winter.

The only good singer of the evening was Mlle. Naddie. But even she could not save "L'Eclair" from falling dead on a cold house. She ought to be judged of only in "Les Noces de Jeannette," which was the redeeming feature of the evening. Victor Massé is one of the most agreeable of the writers for the comic opera. He had a brilliant success when in the *Conservatoire*, and was a pupil of Zimmermann and Halévy. He was sent to Rome by the French Academy, and studied in Italy two years, after which he travelled in Germany. In 1852 he brought out his first opera, "La Chanteuse Voilée," and in 1853 "Les Noces de Jeannette," since which time his pen has been prolific. He writes too fast, and without sufficient revision to secure excellence to his works; but they are full of bright and sparkling airs, and of lively dialogue, of which this opera is a very good example. It has been played here several times before, with Miss Hinkley, Miss Kellogg, and Mlle. Cordier as *Jeannette*, but we think that the part has never been so perfectly sustained, or the music so well and carefully rendered, as it was by Mlle. Naddie. Without being pretty she is graceful; she knows exactly the extent of her part, and neither overacts nor underacts; she is not mannered, but free and natural. Her voice is clear and fluent, and she sang with precision and without effort the difficult "Air de Rossignol," hardly letting the audience know that it demanded skill, so easy was she. She fully appreciated the music, and gave it the full expression. "Parmi tant d'Amoureux" she rendered beautifully, with suppressed tears in her voice. M. Harndorff has hardly a good enough voice either in quantity or quality for the stage, as he is himself aware; but he is a good actor, lively and quick, and displayed much art in the way in which he avoided and smoothed over the difficulties of his part, and gave Mlle. Naddie efficient support.

If Messrs. Juignet and Drivet will not injure themselves by any more unequal representations, but will get three or four more singers as excellent and efficient as Mlle. Naddie, we shall have a delightful season next winter, when we shall hope to hear not only "Les Noces de Jeannette" again, but "Mario," "Zampa," "Les Diamans de la Couronne," and many other operas that we have so long desired in vain.

On Wednesday evening, Messrs. Mason and Thomas gave the first of their soirées of chamber music to a small but appreciative audience, at Dodworth's Hall, which was dark and cheerless, the gas-pipes being frozen by the extreme cold weather. Three pieces were performed, the first being the quartet in G, No. 1, by Mozart, which caused all to feel happy and cheerful, and fully made up for the dim light. The trio in D, op. 70, No. 1, by Beethoven, came next, with its beautiful dramatic slow movement, expressive of the passion which the composer entertained for the Countess Marie d'Erdoedy, to whom he dedicated it. The remaining piece was the sextet of Brahms, in B flat, op. 18. Johann Brahms was once called by Schumann the Mozart of the nineteenth century, such remarkable musical power did he exhibit in his early years. This sextet, with its beautiful and passionate passages of melody, is a witness of the precocity of his musical intelligence and of the rare development of his fancy; but the praise of Schumann was too enthusiastic, and the later career of Brahms has not fulfilled these auguries of his greatness. May the weather be more propitious and the audience larger at the next soirée on January 24! The artists who give them are actuated solely by a desire to promote musical culture, and always consider themselves fortunate if they come out with whole purses at the end of the season. In the same spirit they give one or two concerts every summer at Farmington, Conn., and occasionally at other places.

The third of Mr. Theodore Thomas's symphony soirées took place on Saturday evening, with a good programme and able performers. It was, as a whole, the finest concert of the kind that we have heard in New York for some years. The opening symphony was the one in C, op. 30, of Bargiel, and is a striking work. The *allegro* is noticeable for a strongly marked

rhythm, and, though worked up from a very simple phrase, rises sometimes to passages of considerable power. The *andante* contains a beautiful melody, though the orchestration is not equal throughout, and in parts weak. The *minuet* is sparkling and fresh, with good points made by the little trills and shivers of the flutes. The *finale* is in the same spirit as the first movement. The symphony will bear frequent repetition, for it is by no means exhausted at a single hearing, and will be a welcome addition to the orchestral repertoire. Miss Parepa sang the scena and aria, "Ah! perfido," Beethoven, op. 48, with more power and feeling than anything we heard at her own concerts. The same can be said of the aria from Handel's "Susannah." Her rendering of the passage, "Thy will be done," was exquisite. Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, of Philadelphia, played Chopin's fantasia in F minor, op. 49, coldly. His style is hardly suited for a large concert-room, and he did not seem to enter thoroughly into what he was playing. He did not re-create the piece. He seemed to drag a little in the time at the beginning, and his rendering of the *lento* passage was not pleasing. The Liederkrantz Society sang splendidly a beautiful "Volkslied" for male voices, and, being loudly applauded, gave another chorus almost as fine. Mendelssohn's overture, "Zum Märchen von der schönen Melusine," was the next orchestral piece. Mendelssohn, in one of his letters to his sister, says that it was suggested to him by an opera of Conradin Kreuzer's which he disliked, but which contained one scene of a mermaid combing her hair that struck his fancy. The beautiful Melusine, as every one knows or ought to know, was one of the most celebrated of the French fairies, who, as a punishment for some action, was changed every Saturday into a serpent from her waist downward. She married a count of Poitiers, but, being seen by him in one of her transformations, was imprisoned for life in a dungeon of Lusignan. That is the theme of the beautiful overture, sweet, like most of Mendelssohn's music—too sweet, perhaps. The only remaining piece was Beethoven's fantasia in C minor, op. 80, for piano, chorus, and orchestra, which was carefully performed. The orchestra admirably seconded Mr. Thomas in his endeavors to give good music, by playing throughout with a right spirit and with precision. The careful drilling and good leadership of the conductor was manifest.

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NATION OFFICE, Saturday Evening,  
January 13, 1866.

THE feature of the week has been a heavy decline in gold, stocks, and produce. Gold, which had been steady for several months between 144 and 148, suddenly lurched downward early in the week, and on Wednesday touched 136½, closing to-day at 139½. Produce of all kinds naturally sympathized, and heavy losses are reported in wheat, flour, pork, etc. In produce there has been a partial rally within the past day or two, and, as stocks at the seaboard are light, prices may possibly be sustained for the present at or near present quotations. For many months foreign merchandise has been, with few exceptions, bought and sold for gold, so that it has not felt the effect of the tumble in the gold room; indeed, in the coffee and sugar markets a somewhat improved enquiry is noted. But the fall in gold and stocks has naturally tended to impair confidence, and there is an unwillingness to sell on credit. The West is well stocked with goods, and several descriptions of dry goods are cheaper there than here. The South, however, continues to consume quantities of dry goods and general merchandise and to pay for them in cash or cotton. No specific cause has been assigned for the sudden fall in gold. The increased demand abroad for our securities; the prospect of conservative legislation in Congress; the failure of some speculators for the rise, and the abandonment of the game, in despair, by others; each of these causes had its influence in producing the result. That gold had been too high, in view of the policy of Government, the receipts from taxes, and the general prosperity of the country, can hardly be questioned. A premium of 25 per cent. would, in the opinion of many, suffice to express the redundancy of the paper currency. When Gen. Lee surrendered, and peace became imminent in April, 1865, gold fell to 127, and sound men believed it would never again pass 130. It is difficult to gauge in figures so delicate and impalpable an essence as public confidence; but if we are really going to reduce our paper currency by \$200,000,000 in two years, and if our bonds are going hereafter, as heretofore, to be the favorite investment of small capitalists in Central Europe, a premium of 30 per cent. will soon seem as extravagant as a premium of 100 seemed twelve months ago to those who knew the real situation of affairs and the real prospects of the rebellion. One curious feature of the recent decline in gold may be noted. It was entirely unexpected. For two months it has been impossible to find speculators willing to sell gold on long options at any material concession from the cash price. There was not a man in Wall Street, it seemed, who expected that gold would fall below 140. As soon as it began to fall, everybody rushed in to sell, and as much as ¼ and ½ of one per cent. was paid this week for the use of gold for one day. But before the fall no one dreamed of selling short.

The following table will show the course of prices during the week in the stock, exchange, gold, and money markets:

	Jan. 6.	Jan. 13.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881.....	104½ ex c.	104	.....	½
5-20 Bonds, old.....	104½	103½	.....	1
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	102	101½	.....	½
10-40 Bonds.....	93½	93½	.....	.....
7-30 Notes, second series.....	93½	98	.....	½
New York Central.....	96	93½	.....	2½
Erie Railway.....	95½	91	.....	4½
Hudson River.....	108	106	.....	2
Reading Railroad.....	105½	102½	.....	3
Michigan Southern.....	72½	69	.....	3½
Cleveland and Pittsburg.....	82½	77½	.....	5½
Chicago and North-western.....	35½	32	.....	3½
" " Preferred.....	60½	58½	.....	1½
Chicago and Rock Island.....	107½	103½	.....	4
P., Fort Wayne, and Chicago.....	100½	96	.....	4½
Canton.....	45	43	.....	2
Cumberland.....	44½	42½	.....	1½
Mariposa.....	14½	12½	.....	1½
American Gold.....	141½	139½	.....	1½
Bankers' Bills on London.....	109	108½	.....	½
Call Loans.....	6	7	1	.....



Again we have to report an almost uniform decline in prices. On several occasions during the week the decline took the shape of a panic, and everyone rushed to sell stocks at any price. These fits were generally succeeded by sharp reactions, in which the parties who had just sold rushed in to buy, every one fearing to be the last in the race. But, in fact, there is no appearance as yet of anything like a substantial rally from the decline. The oldest and most popular of the commission houses report no consumptive demand for stocks. Capitalists are all holding off, in expectation of the promised contraction of the currency. Railway men, seeing the steady decline in earnings, are selling their stocks and not replacing them. Erie, which has been for some time the leading speculative stock, and which had been held at an extravagant price by the clique connected with the direction, "broke" on Friday, and sold down to 88, against 97 on Wednesday. To-day it sold as high as 92, and as low as 89, closing at 91. Nothing has yet transpired about the February dividend, but the report to the Legislature, previously mentioned in this column, and the reports of other roads, show clearly that if it is paid, the money will have to be borrowed, as heretofore. New York Central, which is not earning five per cent. in paper, has been firmly held at 93 and upward—higher than 10.40 bonds, which pay 5 per cent. in gold. Old Southern, which pays nothing, is being bought up by a clique, and may possibly be cornered. Such an operation may retard, but can hardly alter, the issue. For a time the operations of this or that speculator or clique of speculators may impel prices in an unnatural direction, but in the end intrinsic values must govern. Pittsburg, a 4 per cent. stock, fell on Friday to 74½. A few months ago it sold at 45, and a few weeks ago at 97. Rock Island is in the hands of a clique, and is still maintained above par; the earnings show a steady falling off. The North-western stocks have declined, but hardly as much as might have been expected in view of the heavy debt of the company and the enormous mileage run. If, as seems probable, we are going to have a period of slack traffic on the railways, low fares, and heavy expenses, the North-western property may yet fall into the hands of the bondholders. Fort Wayne, notwithstanding quarterly dividends of 2½ per cent., fell to 93, but closed yesterday at 95. This is probably one of the best railway concerns in the country, but it yields to the general tendency. A peculiar feature of the market, to-day, was a general failure of deliveries. This indicates an extensive closing of short contracts, and shows that the previous speculation had been on a scale totally disproportioned to the volume of floating stock in the Street. It is not unlikely that this condition of affairs may lead to fresh attempts to corner some of the more active stocks. It is in the power of any one of several heavy speculators to force up the price of Pittsburg or Old Southern or any such stock to prices considerably above those now ruling, by simply buying a line of stock and refusing to lend it. The finale of such operation is not likely to be profitable to the cornering party, as the public are seldom willing to purchase a stock that has been cornered. But such operations, though they may yield no profit to their contrivers, nevertheless inflict severe loss on the Street.

The Committee of Ways and Means have reported a measure to Congress in exact conformity with Secretary McCulloch's recommendations. Without disrespect to the committee, it may be mentioned that nothing less was expected. For four years it has been the sole function of the Ways and Means Committee to record and embody in bills the behests of the finance minister. The committee was never known to have an opinion of its own. It has faithfully done as it has been bidden. Whether the members have best discharged their public duty by delegating to the Secretary of the Treasury the office of doing their thinking for them, is a question which time will enable their constituents to discuss. Grave objections may be urged against the abandonment of the Sinking Fund, which was a solemn guarantee given to bondholders when they subscribed for our securities, and the repeal of which involves an indirect form of repudiation. And while the country may, perhaps, contemplate without uneasiness the passage of an act which empowers Secretary McCulloch to sell U. S. bonds bearing almost any rate of interest, running for almost any length of time, at any price, for almost any kind of securities or money, it cannot be concealed that the grant of such enormous power would be viewed with alarm if it were made to any one in whom the public had less confidence. Criticism of the bill is, however, quite superfluous. It will pass in the shape which the department likes best; and, in the main, if its provisions can be carried out, it may do good. A conviction gains ground daily that there can be no safety or comfort in business of any kind until we can get back to some stable standard of values, and the mercantile community are prepared to endure a great deal in order to secure this desideratum.

Considerable scandal has been created in Wall Street by two prominent accidents during the past week. Mr. Carr, of the well-known firm of Carr,

Taylor & Co., departed suddenly on this day week for Europe under very peculiar circumstances, and on Friday another active firm in Broad Street was reported to have failed, leaving some large checks uncovered. It resumed again next day, under circumstances of some mystery. In the open Board there have been several failures. These accidents, which can have surprised no one who has been a careful observer of the wild speculations of the past two or three years, are calculated to unsettle confidence and check the loose habits of the Street. It is generally feared that other Jenkins and Ketchum cases may come to light should the present decline in values continue, and the sifting process now in progress be carried on for a few weeks more.

## HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

OFFICE, 135 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital,	- - - - -	\$2,000,000 00
Assets, 1st Jan., 1865,	- - - - -	3,765,503 42
Liabilities,	- - - - -	77,901 52

FIRE, MARINE, and INLAND  
INSURANCE.

Agencies at all important points throughout the United States.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, PRESIDENT.

A. F. WILMARTH, VICE-PRESIDENT.

JOHN MCGEE, Secretary.

J. H. WASHBURN, Assistant Secretary.

W. C. NICOLL, Superintendent Marine Department.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE.

## CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 102 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL	. . . . .	\$500,000 00
SURPLUS	. . . . .	1,032,889 34
TOTAL	. . . . .	\$1,532,889 34

THREE-FOURTHS OF THE PROFITS OF THE BUSINESS DIVIDED TO ITS CUSTOMERS, WITHOUT IMPOSING ON THEM ANY LIABILITY WHATSOEVER.

New York, January 9, 1866.

This Company has this day declared

**A Semi-Annual Dividend of Seven per Cent.**

to its Stockholders, payable to them or their legal representatives, on and after THURSDAY, 11th inst.

GEO. T. HOPE, President.

H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary.

CYRUS PECK, Assistant Secretary.

## HOFFMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office, 161 Broadway, New York.

Cash Capital,	- - - - -	\$200,000
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WILLIAM B. DIXON, President.

JOSEPH W. WILDEY, Secretary.

## FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,

27 & 29 PINE ST., NEW YORK.

Has for sale U. S. 7-10 Notes, all sizes; also, One Year Certificates and all other Government Loans.

P. C. CALHOUN, President.

ANTHONY LANE, Asst. Cashier.

B. SEAMAN, Cashier.

## GREAT NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - \$1,400,000 00

## THE UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

is one of those well-established and prudently managed Life Insurance Companies which distinguish this nation for enlightened benevolence, practical wisdom, and disinterested philanthropy. It offers superior advantages to the life-insuring public. It is based upon fundamental principles of soundness, and gives abundant security in large accumulated funds. Through the admirable economy of its management large dividends are secured to policy holders. It is prompt in payment of losses, and accommodates the assured in the settlement of their premiums in life policies by receiving a note for one-half when the premium amounts to over \$30.

THIS COMPANY offers PECULIAR ADVANTAGES to persons intending to ensure their lives.

Since its organization it has paid (chiefly to Widows and Orphans) for losses by death,

\$912,342 00,

and

\$412,748 00

in Dividends—a total of over

## ONE AND A QUARTER MILLION

of Dollars, and now has, in its Capital and Accumulations, securely invested for the Payment of Losses and Dividends, a fund of

\$1,400,777 16.

This is one of the oldest wholly *Mutual* Life Insurance Companies in the United States, and has been uniformly successful, having always made large returns in Cash dividends to all the policy holders.

COMPETENT AGENTS WANTED.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 151 BROADWAY.

J. W. &amp; H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS.

Where I Can Ensure,

WHAT I CAN ENSURE AGAINST.

AND

WHAT IT WILL COST ME.

I CAN ENSURE IN THE

## NATIONAL LIFE AND TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE CO.,

343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

OPPOSITE CITY HALL PARK,

Authorized Capital, - - - Half a Million,

AGAINST EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ACCIDENTS that can happen to me on Sea or Land.

I can ensure my life on the purely Mutual Plan, either by an Endowment, or a Life Policy, or a Ten-year Non-forfeiture Policy.

\$25 secures a General Accident Policy for \$5,000, with a Weekly Compensation of \$35.

\$10 secures a Marine Policy for \$10,000 for a voyage to any European port, covering loss of life at sea from accident.

\$167 35 per annum secures an Endowment Policy for \$5,000, with profits payable at the age of 50, or at death to a person 25 years of age.

\$96 00 per annum secures a Life Policy for \$5,000, with profits, to a person 25 years of age. A Loan of one-third of the Premium, or Life, or Endowment Policy will be given, if required, without note.

POLICIES ISSUED AT ONCE.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED for General Accident Policies.

Insurance Scrip.

WILLIAM C. GILMAN,

46 FINE STREET, NEW YORK,

BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

## FIRST CLASS FIRE INSURANCE

ON THE PARTICIPATION PLAN.

## MARKET FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

37 WALL STREET, CORNER OF JAUNCEY COURT.

## CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS	\$414,720 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	\$184,672 00
Temporary Loans	92,630 00
Real Estate	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	144,514 00
Cash on hand	18,042 34
Interest due	3,085 58
Premiums due	6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES	\$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS	198,733 26

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against

## DISASTER BY FIRE

At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

## PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,

pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

(75) SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. (75)

of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.

NOTE.—The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.

NOTE.—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.

## PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - \$1,000,000 00  
ASSETS - - - - - 1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.

EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.

PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

THE

## MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, \$883,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE

Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

WM. M. WHITNEY, Secretary.

B. C. MORRIS, President.

## E. W. CLARK &amp; CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

35 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES, CERTIFICATES

OF INDEBTEDNESS, QUARTERMASTERS' VOUCHERS,

COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.

STOCKS and BONDS of all kinds BOUGHT and SOLD on COMMISSION.



**NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO \$1,000,000  
 SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, 275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

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A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features: and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

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650 BROADWAY,

AND

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AWARDS TO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A Gold Medal was awarded at the late Fair of the American Institute, to CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO., for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial.

"They are an exceedingly good substitute for an Organ, and I can speak of them in the highest terms."

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"They are entitled to be ranked as the first and best among instruments of their class."

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"The tone is incomparable, and they are far in advance of any other instrument of a similar kind."

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**THE PARLOR ORGAN,**

with the recent improvements of Mr. J. Carhart, is, with out exception, far superior in QUALITY, POWER, SWEETNESS, VARIETY and EXPRESSION OF TONE. DURABILITY OF CONSTRUCTION, ELEGANCE OF CASE—POSSESSING IMPROVEMENTS APPLIED BY US ONLY.

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With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all, whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

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New York, January 1, 1866.**GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES**

WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS

At the State Fairs of

New York,  
New Jersey,  
Vermont,  
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Indiana,Illinois,  
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And at numerous Institute and County Fairs, including all the Fairs at which they were exhibited the past three years.

The GROVER & BAKER ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE is superior to all others, for the following reasons:

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**THE BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.**

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N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

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PYLE'S SALERATUS.  
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Articles designed for all who want the best goods, full weight. Sold by best Grocers everywhere. Each package bears the name of JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, New York.

**Make Your Own Soap** with B. T. BABBITT'S Potash, in tin cans, 70 Washington Street, New York. Pure Concentrated Potash or Ready Soap Maker. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BABBITT,  
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FOR CHAPPED AND TENDER HANDS,  
FOR TOILET AND BATH USE.

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Upwards of 100 styles of Toilet and Staple Soaps. For sale by all Dealers.

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635 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

MAKE THE

LOCK-STITCH,

and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute.*

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FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

## THE HOWE MACHINE COMPANY,

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EAGLE GAS COOKING STOVES AND  
RANGES,

GUARANTEED TO BAKE PERFECTLY.

HEATING STOVES, GUARANTEED TO HEAT ROOMS  
PERFECTLY.

Also,

## KEROSENE OIL COOKING STOVES,

The best in market, have regular SIDE OVENS, and guaranteed to BAKE PERFECTLY, and not to Smoke or Smell.

EAGLE GAS STOVE MFG. CO.,

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Illustrated Catalogues sent free.

## Improvements in Piano-fortes.

One of the simplest and most truly valuable improvements yet made in the Piano-forte is that invented and patented by

DECKER BROTHERS, 91 BLEECKER STREET,

in this city. By correcting the only imperfections arising from the use of the full iron-plate, and that, too, by not detracting in the slightest degree from its many positive advantages, the Messrs. DECKER have developed in their instruments a tone at once admirable for its purity, fullness, prolongation, and sweetness, and the high estimation in which their improvement is held is well shown in the rapidly increasing business of their firm.—*Tribune.*

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PATENT FIRE AND BURGLAR SAFE.

Superior to any others in the following particulars  
They are more fire-proof.  
They are more burglar-proof.  
They are perfectly dry.  
They do not lose their fire-proof qualities by age.  
Manufactured only by

MARVIN & CO., 365 Broadway.

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Send for a descriptive Circular.

## AMERICAN WATCHES.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO., 150 BOWERY, N. Y.,  
sell at lowest rates

American Gold and Silver Watches,  
English Lever Watches,  
Fine Swiss Watches.

The handsomest Detached Lever Watch in the market  
for \$25.

PURE GOLD WEDDING RINGS.

Fine Jewelry, diamonds, silver ware, and best quality silver-plated ware of our own manufacture.  
Articles sent free of expense to all parts of the country, and satisfaction guaranteed.

## Pacific Mail Steamship Company's

THROUGH LINE

TO CALIFORNIA,

TOUCHING AT MEXICAN PORTS,

AND CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL,

Leave Pier No. 42 North River, foot of Canal Street, at 12 o'clock noon, on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of every month (except when those dates fall on Sunday, and then on the preceding SATURDAY), for ASPINWALL, connecting, via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's steamships from Panama for SAN FRANCISCO, touching at ACAPULCO.

DECEMBER.

1st.—HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Gray, connecting with CONSTITUTION, Captain Farnsworth.

11th.—ATLANTIC, Captain Maury, connecting with GOLDEN CITY, Captain Bradbury.

21st.—NEW YORK, Captain Horner, connecting with COLORADO, Captain Watkins.

Departures of 1st and 21st connect at Panama with steamers for SOUTH PACIFIC PORTS. Those of 1st touch at MANZANILLO.

Through Passage Rates, in Currency.

FIRST CABIN, SECOND CABIN, STEERAGE,  
ON STEAMERS....\$325. \$225. \$100.

Panama Railroad ticket invariably \$25 additional, in currency.

A discount of ONE-FIFTH from steamers' rates allowed to second-cabin and steerage passengers with families.

One Hundred Pounds Baggage allowed each adult. Baggage-masters accompany baggage through, and attend to ladies and children without male protectors. Baggage received on the dock the day before sailing, from steamboats, railroads, and passengers, who prefer to send down early.

An experienced Surgeon on Board. Medicines and attendance free.

A steamer will be placed on the line January 1, 1866, to run from NEW ORLEANS to ASPINWALL, via HAVANA.

For Passage tickets or further information apply at the Company's ticket office, on the wharf foot of Canal Street, North River.

F. W. G. BELLWS, AGENT.

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